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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir Edward Grey's defence of the Anglo-Russian Convention rested mainly on optimism. He had one solid item to put forward and the rest was all a pious hope for the best. The gain is the exclusion of Russian influence from Seistan. This is of course an important strategic advantage, though we must say Mr. Balfour was rather more than generous to the authors of the Convention when he spoke of "the impossibility which now for ever bars the way of Russia in time of peace doing anything to make Seistan the base of operations against India". "Impossibility" is a big word; and "for ever bars"—we should not have thought any human arrangement admitted of such finality. However, in Seistan there is something tangible to be set down on the British side of the account. But the price? Sir Edward Grey felt that he had paid a very long price indeed; for the burden of his defence was that if you did not give this or did not give that to Russia, you would have no agreement at all. He was perpetually having to excuse this or that item of the Convention; and to cover the commercial loss to Britain in Persia he even had to take refuge in belittling British commercial enterprise there; enterprise which Lord Curzon has since brilliantly vindicated in a letter to the "Times".

The specific counts against the Convention remain unmet. Commercially we are put out of the running in Persia; and Lord Percy dragged from the Government an admission that in her sphere of influence, which includes Teheran and Ispahan, Russia is free to take a lease of the whole area from the Persian

Government. Mr. Morley seemed to think he had a triumphant answer to the leasing point when he said that the Convention left matters precisely as they were before. But the whole object of the agreement is to make things better than they were before. As to Tibet, Sir Edward Grey had to point to China as our resort and refuge in the event of the Tibetans violating the Treaty of Lhasa, since the Convention prevents our doing anything for ourselves. A grand stand-by, the Chinese suzerainty over Tibet! Mr. Balfour's phrase, "a reed not merely broken, but a reed which has never been anything but broken", was truer than courteous. And in Afghanistan under this Convention we are helping Russia to establish commercial agents, which have never been distinguishable from political agents. Not in vain for once is the net spread in sight of the bird.

Though General Willcocks' advance into the country of the Zakka Khels seems to have taken the tribesmen unawares, they are making a good fight in the familiar frontier way. The campaign has already settled down into the guerilla species. There has been much sniping, a vigorous attack on a British convoy, the carrying of a hill at the point of the bayonet, the capture of Chinar, the principal place in the enemy's territory, and the destruction of many forts and sangars. That General Willcocks has no holiday task is proved by the number of casualties on the British side; but the territory in which he is operating is so small, and the preponderance of the British force is so considerable that the affair should soon be settled. The end will be hastened by the attitude of other tribes, some of whom have suffered as much annoyance as the British from the Zakka Khels.

Of course Mr. Morley has had to face a dropping fire of questions in Parliament, and certain members like Mr. MacNeill and Mr. Lupton have shown a quite natural anxiety as to the humanity of this campaign. Mr. Morley's statement that it is chimerical to think "military operations can be conducted on the principle regulating our own pacific dealings" was disappointing to many of his friends and satisfactory in consequence.

Mr. MacNeill promptly turned to Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Rees to ascertain whether they had taken steps to bring forward notices referring to the situation on the Indian frontier. Both replied that they were attentively watching the Parliamentary situation. When Mr. MacNeill asked Mr. Smith if he would invite the member for Montgomery Boroughs (Mr. Rees) to second his motion, Mr. Smith with delightful gravity said he must ask for notice of the question. Mr. Rees, questioned by Mr. Redmond, had to confess that he had never so far had an opportunity of testing his influence with the Government.

Mr. Keir Hardie's anti-imperial progress is not altogether triumphant. In India, intentionally or unintentionally, he played into the hands of the sedition-mongers, and complained that he was misrepresented. In South Africa he is refused a hearing, not perhaps on account of his sympathy with the Indian, but because he would have native labour rewarded at the same rate as white labour. Mr. Keir Hardie's economic standpoint is not unintelligible. He would make native competition with white labour impossible by an equality in wages. Whether that is the sole ground of trouble there is nothing to show. The fact is that Johannesburg, unlike certain centres of activity on the other side of the Indian Ocean, is not prepared to be instructed either in economics or in politics by this labour leader from home. Mr. Hardie's regard for the police should rise: without them he would have had a very bad time alike in Johannesburg and Pretoria.

We are glad to read the official statement that the Chief Justice of the Transvaal is now convinced the three English officers had nothing to do with the desecration of Kruger's grave. The thing would have been a slur on the British Army and on the honour of the country. We never credited the story. The rancorous people who first spread it ought to have a good taste of the sjambok.

The repulse of the Moors in another heavy attack on the French force in the neighbourhood of Settat has encouraged the French Government to hope that the tribes may once more make their submission. French official optimism is incurable. Because the tribes have submitted once before, when the military conditions were against them, only to break faith when the conditions changed, therefore the assumption is that General D'Amade's recent success will induce them to submit again. And if they do? Whilst they carry arms and can find leaders they will respect their engagement just so long as they are in the presence of superior strength. General Picquart's statement in the Senate on Thursday disposed of the extreme view taken by the opponents of this Moorish adventure but was perhaps not quite as reassuring as he intended it to be. In any case it makes clear the pretence that the French are not giving military support to Abd-el-Aziz. They cannot help themselves. It was the advance of the adherents of Mulai Hafid which destroyed General Drude's chances at the very moment when pacification seemed to be at hand; the tribes the French are now fighting are the supporters of Mulai Hafid and the enemies of Abd-el-Aziz.

No new fact has come to light as to the Austrian move in the matter of the Novi Bazar railway. Austrian official circles seem to be more or less alarmed at the stir Baron Aehrenthal's announcement has made, and affect surprise. The project, of course, is within the terms of the Treaty of Berlin: it has nothing to do with the question of Macedonian reforms and so cannot affect the Concert of Europe; everything is in order, and nothing could be farther from Austria's mind than any thought of upsetting the harmony of the Powers. She had only economic objects in view. This is all very well; but the question has to be answered, Why did Austria act on her own motion without taking the view of Powers with whom she was in treaty or in co-operation in Balkan matters? Common courtesy would have suggested at least a notification to them of her intention. The matter is so serious that Russia, who is primarily affected, is taking it very coolly.

It is not unnatural that Sweden should be anxious about the question of the Åland Islands while negotiations are going on about the Baltic and the North Sea. That Russia is pressing for the alteration of the Treaty of Paris in 1856 between Great Britain, France and Russia, which bound Russia not to fortify the islands, may be a probable rumour, but more than this cannot be known. Sir Edward Grey in reply to a question on Thursday afternoon only said that he could not give any information about the negotiations; but that if any proposal of the kind were made, it would have to be considered by the parties interested under the treaty, with due regard to the position of Sweden. If the treaty is cancelled, the fear of Sweden seems to be that she may have to be at the cost of fortifying the coast around Stockholm, which she has no need to do so long as the treaty exists.

What a sequel to the Port Arthur story of heroic endurance and Titanic assault! The champion of the defence sentenced to death because, while he did great things, he did not do enough, did not do all that was possible. This is rigour indeed; either the exacting standard of a people fighters by nature, or, at the opposite pole, vindictiveness, the scape-goat for excuse. On the whole one must accept the judgment, which of course means only imprisonment, as terribly stern justice. It reminds us of the condemnation of our Admiral Byng for failing to capture more than two of the enemy's ships. We expected much then. It reminds us also—by contrast—of certain surrenders and regrettable incidents in South Africa, which no trial followed. And one thinks of Bazaine; though it would be monstrous injustice to General Stoessel to class Port Arthur with Metz.

We need pay no heed to Lobby and Club rumour. Common sense tells one that the Prime Minister cannot return to active leadership. At most he can come back and seem to lead for a short time. And what good end would this serve? The Liberal party wishes to hold together, no doubt, and Mr. Asquith is thought to be none too delicate and skilful in this particular branch of leadership. But to Mr. Asquith the party has got to turn, and a few weeks or even a month or two can make no difference in this matter. Meanwhile Mr. Asquith is virtually Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the party. Can he fill both places with "efficiency"? There may not be the constant strain at the Treasury which there is at one or two other offices. To-day a Foreign Secretary cannot play a second great part—even though he possess the extraordinary health and strength of Sir Edward Grey. The work and anxiety at the Treasury have not increased of late years so greatly as at the Foreign Office. But even so, we may doubt whether Mr. Asquith will with comfort work, as he is doing now, double shifts.

Next week there are to be two Parliamentary field-days. Mr. McKenna is to perform on Monday and Mr. Asquith is to introduce the Licensing Bill on Thursday. Then the fat will be in the fire, and we should not be surprised if both Bills were consumed in the blaze. Certainly the Education Bill will never become law: Unionists are able to prevent that. Mr. McKenna may be as rude as he likes, as rude as usual, he will not be able to bully the Church into accepting his Bill. Even if he squares the Roman Catholics, he will thereby create an entirely new element of opposition to his Bill, which might even outweigh the opposition he had bought off. Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, is likely to meet with most trouble from them of his own House. His task is to find the least common temperance denominator in his own party, and the mean is usually equally unsatisfactory to all.

Nothing can be duller in detail than the Scottish Land Valuation Bill, but in principle, and with the Government's policy behind it, there is not much in politics of greater interest at present. It has detached from the English and from the Scottish Liberals a band of dissentients who are in vigorous opposition to the Government. Mr. Tennant, Mr. Munro-Ferguson, Mr. Harold

Cox may be mentioned amongst them ; and the debates in the House of Commons have been very keen. It is one of the group of Bills the Government are presenting again to the House of Lords ; and they seemed to think the debates were to be a formality ; but they find they have made a mistake. Even its rejection last session by the House of Lords is now admitted to have been justified by the paucity of time the Lords had for its discussion. After what has happened this week the Lords are not likely to repent of their opposition.

Another point which attracts more attention to the Scottish Bill is that the Government are intending to produce a similar Bill in England. Mr. Asquith, in the debate on a resolution passed in the House of Commons on Tuesday in favour of the readjustment of local and imperial taxation, distinctly announced that he is waiting until a valuation of land sites can be made in England in order that a special rate may be levied on them. No doubt both in England and Scotland this is part of the alteration in local rating that the Government is contemplating ; but in fact this is really only a secondary object. The primary object is to "tap" another source of revenue ; it is one of the alternatives to tariff reform. The "unearned increment" is the real objective towards which the valuation is the preliminary movement. To sum up the meaning of it, instead of widening the bases of taxation and of rating, they are to be narrowed by the special taxing and rating of land.

We fancy that the Liberals who voted against the Government or abstained in the divisions on the Scotch Land Bill and Scotch Land Values Bill are but a tithe of those who would have liked to rebel. Lord Dalmeny is blacklisted in the Liberal press, but considering that he is son of his father surely he played the game with skill. He voted straight against one of the Bills, and he walked off the ground when the other came up. By his first action he showed himself a pious son, and by the second did not at any rate vote against his side.

The Home Office under Mr. Gladstone really is immense. Now that the craze for "Limericks" is languishing the Home Office has the matter in hand—or in mind. Mr. Samuel told Mr. Byles this on Monday in the House of Commons. The inquiry into the case of the Irish Crown jewels is nothing compared with this. The Government wisely waits till "Limericks" are all but over, and then announces that "the whole subject of these and similar newspaper competitions is, however, receiving the careful consideration of the Government". Why not have a Royal Commission on the subject ?

From Mr. Belloc one expects light airs and literary graces, and the secret influence of political money seemed just a subject for his hand. But he chose to take it sadly. Why is a successful comedian always anxious to be taken for a statesman ? He always fails. But Mr. Lea came to the rescue, making things lively by slinging stones at Sir W. Cremer, who got so angry that one must suppose some of them hit him. Mr. Lea has our blessing on his crusade against the sheer selling of decorations and honours, of which there has been a great deal of late. We not only repeat but would add to all we have ever said on the subject. But we wish Mr. Lea would add a little knowledge and worldly wisdom to his zeal. He should not talk nonsense about democratic ideals. France and the United States are democracies—does political purity flourish there ? It has nothing to do either with democracy or aristocracy ; or everything to do with both. And Mr. Lea should not talk of rewards being given only for pure merit. That is a counsel of absurdity. All we ask is that honours shall be given and not bought.

The Post Office vote came up on Thursday. Naturally there was an exceptionally keen discussion, as the report of the Committee appointed a long time since to inquire into conditions of labour in the Post Office was now before the House. No doubt Mr. Buxton is sympathetic with the claims of the Post Office officials, but it appears from the speeches of Mr. Hay and some others that he has by no means carried out all the

recommendations of the Committee. One point is especially important. Under Mr. Buxton's scheme apparently the benefit of many of the new regulations will in fact, whatever is professed, be enjoyed only by servants who enter the service of the Post Office after the introduction of the new order. This seems very hard on the old hands—in fact, downright unjust. And if, as Mr. Hay, a member of the Committee, says, it was not the intention or the understanding of the Committee that present Post Office servants should be denied any of the benefits of the reforms the Committee were suggesting, Mr. Buxton's action seems to us to call for very strict explanation. On Thursday no explanation was given.

The supplementary vote on Thursday for the Royal Irish Constabulary produced the usual flat but wonderful contradictions about the state of Ireland. To hear Mr. Hayden and Mr. Redmond one might well suppose—if quite innocent—that Ireland needs a strong body of police as little as does Canvey Island. All the outrages are manufactured by the outraged—like the bombs. On the other hand, Mr. Cherry, the Attorney-General for Ireland, has to admit that for "the preservation of law and order" six counties had to be proclaimed last summer. However, fearful of giving offence to Nationalists, Mr. Cherry upbraided the Opposition for their "gross exaggeration", and once more let down the cattle drivers gently. It is only an "unfortunate" thing, at most "reprehensible". Mr. Asquith gives the crime a very different name. We wonder what he thinks of Mr. Cherry's palliation of it.

Mr. Lloyd Morgan is to succeed to Sir Samuel Evans' recordership at Swansea, but even the Government, we suppose, need not fear a bye-election in Carmarthenshire. Mr. Morgan has been one of the quiet, small lights of the Liberal party for many years in Parliament. He seems to have aimed at a kind of Matthew Arnold calm in the clash of party warfare ; and has been granted what Arnold called "the wish to neither strive nor cry". If a man can afford to wait for twenty or twenty-five years for a small return for party service, he perhaps need not fiercely push and struggle. But the policy of being unpushful is a risky one in politics to-day as in life at large.

The Court of Appeal, not for the first time, has taken a wider view than the County Courts of the compensation workmen are entitled to under the Act. Messrs. Spiers and Pond have to pay an amount calculated on the earnings of a waiter in their employment which included from ten to twelve shillings in the shape of "tips". It seems this is the law in all such cases where it is known to the employer that his servant receives tips ; and there need be no special agreement that he shall receive them as part of his earnings. If the employer sanctions them tacitly it is sufficient ; they are then the earnings of the servant in his employment though they are not paid as wages by the employer. But the tips a servant might make elsewhere in his leisure hours would not count in these earnings.

There are two things every speaker ought to spare us. He ought not to tell us what was the cause of the downfall of Rome, for nobody knows ; nor attempt to make out that socialism is a case of Rome over again. There is plenty to say against socialism without dragging in Rome. Sir Edward Fry has once more quoted panem et circenses : this time at the Poor Law Conference. But are old age pensions a case in point ? Panis et circenses did not go to the working classes, because these were the slaves. The only question between Sir Edward Fry and the working-man pensioner must be, Has the working man been of sufficient service to the State to deserve a pension as Sir Edward has been, who gets a pension of two-thirds of his former salary ? The loafer we already keep in the workhouse when he can loaf no longer outside ; and it is surprising how ferocious socialists are against those who won't work.

To-day the notices of between eighty and ninety thousand workmen in the shipping yards of the North-East Coast, the greater part being on the Tyneside,

determine, and the men will be "on strike". During the week, however, there remained still some hope of a settlement through a conference arranged between the Employers' Association and the shipwrights' and joiners' delegates for Friday. In the event of failure to settle it is not impossible that the strike may spread until all classes of workmen in shipbuilding yards are involved. The societies concerned have more than two hundred thousand members with funds amounting to over a million and a quarter. It might even happen that the ironworkers generally in the North and the Midlands might be drawn into the dispute. The cause of the threatened strike amongst the shipbuilding trades is a notice for reduction of wages on the ground of the depression in trade. Unfortunately the men balloted in favour of a strike without having empowered their leaders to meet the masters to discuss the proposal. The Friday meeting was preceded by Conferences at the Board of Trade.

Dr. Maudsley, the well-known alienist and writer on mental diseases, has offered to give £30,000 to the London County Council to found a hospital for the study and treatment of cases of insanity. It may be hoped that communication with Dr. Maudsley may cause the Council to reconsider its action in refusing its grants to the homes for inebrates within the area of the Council. The Government grant has been ten shillings and sixpence per head towards cost of maintenance. In the Council's own home the cost has been about eighteen shillings and sixpence; but in the other homes to which it has sent its inebrates, about fourteen shillings. The Government has limited its grant to a half of this sum; and the Council has determined not to supply, as we may say, inebrates on those terms. These cases are closely allied to insanity, and we shall have annually some four or five hundred wretched creatures wandering at large. They will be a nuisance and a danger, and the economy of the Council is extremely short-sighted.

The Anti-gambling League has just issued a memorial on betting and gambling—"especially gambling through the press". If the habit continue—the League fears—all the efforts of "teachers, moralists and preachers" will be vain. If Mr. Hawke wishes earnestly to help the pigeons—and we certainly believe he does—let him set to work systematically to prove to them what a very hopeless and absurd business betting with professional bookmakers is. It is just this fact that the pigeons and the geese cannot realise. Educate them—so far as geese may be educated—and the bookmaker's day will be done.

There is something very offensive about the way in which some of the reporters and sub-editors, told off for the purpose, dress up the daily list of influenza patients. The joy with which a party leader or prominent public man is "scooped in" is hardly concealed. Then these influenza specialists must constantly be revising and garnishing their list of symptoms, till it has come to this—that any twinge in head or limbs may be taken as the first sign. The reporter is worse even than the quack advertiser; for the quack does at any rate offer a certain cure after convincing you that you have the disease in a peculiarly malignant form. There is "a great deal of influenza about" of course—there always is nowadays—but people suffering from colds in the head, rheumatism, and neuralgia are all fearful they have a touch of it; and for this the press is chiefly responsible.

After Mark Twain and "General" Booth—Mr. C. M. Doughty. The author of the great classic on Arabia would be worthy the honour Oxford is to pay him in a few days, even were he not a philologist and a fine scholar in the subject of early man. Yet out of a very small circle Mr. Doughty's name and brilliant work are wholly unknown. His name actually does not appear in the books of reference where nonentities describe their masterful achievements in public life, letters and art. Mr. Doughty is not even a "Who's Who" or a "What's What". We are glad but rather wonder Oxford has ventured to offer him the D.Litt.

### THE RAILWAY OF DISCORD.

THE reopening of the Balkan Question in an acute form is an unpleasant incident from which no ingenuity of reasoning can help us to escape. We have also to face the hard fact that the action of Austria is no momentary indiscretion, but a policy prepared long beforehand. Readiness to welcome soothing theories will not allow people of ordinary intelligence to accept ingenious explanations which cannot stand a moment's careful examination. Nobody carefully examining the course of policy pursued by Austria-Hungary can doubt that before Baron von Aehrenthal spoke he had taken steps to insure his not speaking in vain, and had also carefully sounded the ground in divers directions. The disquieting part of the matter is that he has not sounded it precisely where we should most have expected him to do so. Unless we are to assume that the Minister who directs Austro-Hungarian foreign policy is feather-brained beyond conception, we may immediately reject the theory that he made his momentous announcement merely as a *ballon d'essai* to see how far the Anglo-Russian arrangement extended, and in thus acting was merely being made use of by Germany. On the face of it this suggestion is absurd. The merest novice in diplomacy is well aware that the Balkan question is the last which a responsible statesman would disturb; how much less then only to satisfy a conjecture. Further, the Austrian Minister would be doing it not so much in the interests of his own country as of another party infinitely less concerned in the future of the Balkans.

This theory, fantastic in itself, becomes absolutely untenable in the light of attendant circumstances. Preliminary negotiations must have been in progress with the Sultan for some time before Baron von Aehrenthal could definitely announce that an Iradé had been signed granting the right to extend the railway on to Turkish territory. It is contrary to all Oriental precedent that such things should be done in a hurry. Also the strange silence of Italy is to be noted. A few years ago the shrillest outcry would have arisen from the other side of the Adriatic; now we have the "Tribuna" writing, if not in approval, yet in soothing tones. Who can doubt that some sort of preliminary arrangement had been come to or assurance given at the meeting of Déso and Semmering as to which not a word became public? We now know that Servia has been "squared" by two concessions. King Peter is to be received at the Hofburg, and the Commercial Treaty with Austria-Hungary is to be concluded. Perhaps the more correct way of putting it would be to say that Austria would not accept the treaty till Servia accepted the railway. Servia, therefore, to gain a vital point, surrendered what was less vital though much against the grain, for it is clear that by the making of the railway across the Sandjak of Novi Bazar to Mitrovitzia Austria will, even more than she does to-day, overshadow and control Servia.

The story, therefore, of the *ballon d'essai* or of Austria being Germany's cat's paw will not do. It is quite evident that Austria-Hungary for some reason thinks the moment opportune for raising the Eastern Question in a menacing form, and in circumstances that greatly add to the gravity of her action. That she acts with the knowledge and approval of Germany it is of course impossible to doubt, but her own interests, not Germany's, have dictated the action. For some reason she believes the time has come when she can, in fact if not in words, denounce the arrangement by which she has been bound to Russia in Balkan affairs for nearly ten years and separate herself from the European Concert in Macedonia. She must also have been well aware that in acting as she has done she would not give pleasure to this country, with whom she stands on long-established traditions of friendship. Even if the present agitation subsides and rival projects be laid aside for the time, the feeling of insecurity and mistrust aroused will not easily be allayed. All this must have been foreseen and the consequences carefully calculated by Austro-Hungarian statesmen, and they must have thought it worth while to take the risk. This is indeed the most disquieting side of the problem.

Austria may advance, truly enough, the proposition that she will be violating no written treaty. By the

25th Article of the Berlin Treaty she is entitled to put garrisons and make military roads in Novi Bazar. Therefore, even though she may not be actually entitled by the wording of that instrument to make the proposed railway, she is certainly not debarred by it, but she is 'breaking, or at the least impinging upon, an honourable understanding which has for years preserved the peace of Europe.

The actual line in question is less than one hundred miles in length, but the making of it will tend to other developments besides the "moral progress" of the Balkans so ingeniously advanced on its behalf. No doubt more railways will on the whole be for the economic benefit of the Balkan States, though in varying degrees, and the making of certain railways will greatly benefit some of these States while it will injure others. In this instance it is quite evident that Greece and Servia have been "squared", because Austria and Germany are to back the application by Greece for an Irade permitting the junction of Turkish and Greek railways at Larissa. Everyone who is acquainted with Greek ambitions is well aware that this has been ardently desired by Athenian statesmen for years. The junction once accomplished Athens will be connected (as she is not at present) with Europe by railway. It would also mean that henceforth the shortest route to the East would be by the line running through Vienna, Pesth, Sarajevo, Athens. It is not a wild dream that in time the shortest route commands the traffic. This is of no slight moment for Italy, for she would see set up a line which would in the end perhaps cut out the route to Egypt and India via Brindisi. France also stands to lose considerably, as a line owned by a French company now connects Constantinople with Salonica; but with a direct connexion between Vienna and Salonica, Austrian and German influence would in the end drive out French trade there, and the already tottering influence of France in the Levant would finally collapse. Again the success of the Austrian project, without any countervailing policy being carried out, would have grave results for the smaller States. At present Bulgaria, though in a less degree than Servia, is in economic dependence on Austria. The completion of this line would render her position still more galling. It would insure Austrian political predominance in Macedonia, even omitting commercial considerations, and if trade alone were the object, Austria would not be stirring up sleeping animosities. She is able, for trade purposes, at the present time to get at Salonica by railway via Belgrade and Uskub, but by the making of the proposed route she would be able not only to send goods quicker, but also to transport her troops in a few hours from Bosnia to the frontiers of Old Servia, and in a few days she could bring them thither from the centre of her empire. Austrian influence would then also encircle and dominate Albania as it already does Servia. It is this fact that makes it difficult for one to understand the acquiescence of Italy, whose manœuvres in Albania have been as well known as those of Austria and have only grown more persistent since the Montenegrin marriage. With the proposed line made and no line connecting Bulgaria with the Adriatic to balance it, Austrian policy would have attained its end, the Slav States of the Balkans would be cut off from the Adriatic and Mediterranean, and nothing could prevent Austria dominating Macedonia. The counter project of Russia and Bulgaria would equally destroy the Austrian plan even though the connexion were made to Mitrovitza. A line already exists from Nisch in Servia to Uskub in Macedonia, and Russia is now endeavouring to obtain an Irade to link this line with Kostendil in Bulgaria. This would liberate the small States from any dependence on Austria, and when the project was completed and the line extended through Albania to the Adriatic, the Austrian line would be cut both for commercial and strategic purposes.

It is therefore difficult to believe that Austria will encourage the Sultan to grant Russia the concessions she is said to be asking, while it is quite impossible to believe that Russia and Bulgaria can tamely acquiesce in the realisation of Austrian projects without a serious attempt to prevent them. This conceivably might take the form of a war between Bulgaria and Turkey. The excuse might be found in the postponement of

Macedonian reform. It must be remembered that the army of Bulgaria is admirably trained and equipped with the newest creations of the Creuzot works. We know nothing of her generals, but we know that her staff is competent and highly educated in French and German schools. In such an event anything might happen, for Bulgaria would only move with the tacit approval of Russia.

In any case this action of Austria can only tend to delay reform in Macedonia, and therein she is doing a disobligeing act towards Great Britain, her oldest friend in Europe. The Sultan never gives concessions without a quid pro quo, and who can doubt that either direct assurance or well-founded inference as to inaction in Macedonia has induced him to yield to Austria? In no case will Great Britain take up the task alone, and there have been good reasons to doubt the sincerity of Austrian support of Macedonian reform before this. Macedonian affairs were bad enough before; but any change this action of Austria may bring about can only be for the worse.

#### SIR EDWARD GREY'S REPLY.

THE Anglo-Russian Convention has regained in the Commons nothing of the credit which it lost in the Lords. The interchange of front-bench compliments and courtesies which tempered the debate left unanswered the specific strictures by which its various provisions were assailed from both sides of the House. It was scarcely to be expected that much fresh matter or new arguments would be adduced on either side, but Lord Percy, who led the attack, made a distinct point in his contention that in not dealing with the whole area of Anglo-Russian relations our Foreign Office lost the opportunity of obtaining advantage in one quarter by making concessions in another. Looking, however, at the spirit of surrender which everywhere characterises the agreement, it is possible to find some solace in the reflection that if its area had been wider the sacrifice of material interests might have been even more extensive than it is.

Sir Edward Grey's defence is distinctly disappointing. It comes to this. The position of affairs in Persia made it desirable to have a policy and an agreement with Russia, and absolutely necessary to lose no time in formulating both. The paramount consideration was to secure the strategical position. Commercial considerations were only of secondary importance. The strategical position is summed up in the single word "Seistan". The acquisition of this is the justification of everything that has been done. It counterbalances not merely the surrender of our commercial advantages in Persia and the failure of the treaty to recognise our position—a strategical as well as a political and commercial one—in the Gulf. It further compensates for concessions in connexion with Afghanistan which sow the seeds of future possible troubles on the frontier and weaken our predominant position in that country. It even warrants a recognition of equal rights to intervene in the affairs of Tibet which were never before claimed. All these very important—even dangerous—concessions, with the accompanying loss of prestige, are made in order to gain a position of which the only advantage—indisputably a valuable one—is that we can prevent the construction by Russia in time of peace of a railway through Seistan, which would give her an alternative line of advance in the event of an invasion of India. It is hardly necessary to discuss the further danger of an extension of that railway to the shores of the Indian Ocean, and the establishment there of a naval basis. No suitable port could be found on that coast, and if any were established it would be at the mercy of a fleet operating from a strong and safe position at Karachi.

It is quite possible to overrate the strategical importance of Seistan. Lord Ronaldshay adduced reasons and quoted authorities to show the enormous difficulties which such a route would present. In his attempt to explain away the gap left by the Convention on the Afghan frontier, the Foreign Secretary himself has indicated the superior advantages of the line of advance

by Herat, the natural and historical approach to India from the West, while the line of the Oxus and the Hindu Kush afford a better diversion from the North. Even admitting to the full extent the strategical advantage gained in Seistan, and the further and even greater relief flowing from the establishment of a friendly understanding with Russia, the merits of the Convention must be judged by the balance of loss and gain, not merely what has been secured, but what ought to have been secured, by a more resolute policy. To suppose that the alternative lay between a complete surrender and no agreement at all is an assumption which has yet to be justified. It was unquestionably the interest of Great Britain to come to an amicable understanding on as many points as possible. But under the pressure of recent events it was no less the interest and desire of Russia to do the same. The movements at present developing in the Near East may possibly explain in some part the new-found desire of Russia to free herself for the time from any complications on the frontiers covered by the Convention. If so they are also indications of Britain's lost opportunity.

When the Foreign Secretary declares that under this agreement there is every prospect that relations with Russia will improve, but without it they must have got worse, he begs the whole question. Some agreement was undoubtedly desirable—even necessary. This particular agreement is none the less open to condemnation. The fallacy lies in the assumption that no better terms could have been made. It is on this point that Sir Edward Grey's statement fails to be convincing. It is not sufficient to show that this Convention makes for peace. A fairer adjustment would have given a greater prospect of permanency. Unnecessary sacrifice leaves the party making it discontented, while a facile surrender is a direct encouragement to further encroachments when the time is ripe. Apart from its sentimental aspect there is the material defect that the unbalanced concessions have strengthened the Russian power of aggression and weakened the British power of resistance. From first to last the defence is merely a justification for establishing friendly relations with a great rival power, a policy which needs no apology and which no one disputes, while it evades the terms and conditions of the agreement which very seriously require to be justified on many material points. When pressed for this justification in specific cases Sir Edward Grey solemnly refers us to posterity for our compensation. A bill on posterity is not a negotiable security. Possibly some consciousness of this weakness in the arrangement led him to reduce all that we have abandoned in Persia to "some possibilities of trading," and moreover to imply that the agreement had surrendered nothing that had not gone before. This was not the view of the Liberal member for Ripon—a leading representative of trading enterprise in Persia—who had just found three important trade roads, made at great cost by himself and his friends, handed over to Russian influence. Worse still, Mr. Lynch, whose acquaintance with Persian affairs is undisputed, went on to say that the Convention has already alienated from England the good opinion and the sympathy of all Persians because it had made Russia the arbiter in the Persian reform movement. In other words it has extinguished English influence which had always been exerted on the side of freedom and good government. With all these defects the advantages to Great Britain of the Convention and the security it will ensure are again declared to be dependent on the spirit in which it will be worked and the good will it has created. There is no security for a country any more than for a person who reposes on the good will of another. To be dependent on the will of another is a form of servitude. Unless the Convention is the outcome of a panic-stricken anxiety to get an agreement at any price, it seems a legitimate conclusion that influences and considerations which it is not deemed desirable at present to disclose must have contributed to this otherwise incomprehensible surrender of British interests. Possibly Sir Edward Grey's was a hard case.

#### RATES AND TAXES.

**I**N the tug of war that has been going on so long between ratepayer and taxpayer the ratepayer seems destined to win, because everyone has a strong inclination to give a pull to his side of the rope. While Tariff Reform, a question of national taxation, divides the country and Parliament into hostile camps, Conservatives and Liberals alike join in the cry for the reform of local taxation, which means the lightening of the burden of rates. This happened on Tuesday in the House of Commons. A Liberal member proposed, and another seconded, that the present system of local taxation and the relations between local and imperial burdens demand immediate attention, with a view to a more equitable adjustment as between local and imperial obligations. Conservatives followed quite eagerly in support; Mr. Asquith agreed that the time had come, though for certain reasons he wants to put it off a little longer; and the motion was unanimously passed. With the exception of tariff reform and the income tax, national taxation does not interest people half so much as local taxation. Interest in things generally decreases in proportion to their complications and difficulties; but local taxation is a notable exception to the rule. The objection to paying rates is certainly more indurated than to paying taxes. It may be that the patriotic sentiment dignifies taxation. We know something about the needs of the State, the Army, and the Navy; but the poor rate, the drainage rate always comes on us with a shock of surprise, as we generally know very little about our local affairs and the necessary cost of managing them. The local government is too near us: it lacks the prestige of the national government; and we account for high rates largely by supposing our councils of tradesmen, and others of similar social status, to be blunderers or plunderers, if not both. Our taxation falls upon us to a certain extent, though much less than it should, indirectly; whereas rates share with the income tax the odium of direct incidence, with distress of goods and imprisonment as a gloomy possibility in the background. Indeed it is not so easy to get abatements of the rates as it is of the income tax; there are not so many loopholes for escape. But perhaps the tradition of the Poor Law accounts most for an instinctive dislike to rates. The poor have always been simply a burden without profit or honour or glory; and the assessments for the poor rate, which are the basis for other rates, have continually risen.

In more recent times than the days when the poor rate was the principal burden and it was assessed on real property, then the chief kind of property, other grievances have been added. Is not the education rate essentially a kind of poor rate? It is less than it otherwise would be by grants made from the National Exchequer; but only to that extent is the burden on real property lightened. It bears income tax and rates; while personal property bears only income tax, though now it far exceeds real property in value. Besides this, many purposes for which rates are levied can no longer be regarded as merely local. Modern industry produces and groups pauperism in such a manner that the pauper problem has become something more than one of local rating. No one would propose an old-age pension system founded on local rating; and yet in a similar sense to the provision of education, pensions are a branch of poor relief. So that the ratepayer, if he thinks intelligently of public burdens, sees that their apportionment between ratepayer and taxpayer is unequal, and that his locality is the centre of unfair anomalies. If he thinks unintelligently, he rages and fumes against his local authority for increases in rates which are largely due to Acts of Parliament imposing duties upon it that are really part and parcel of national projects, and ought not to be paid for wholly out of local rates assessed only on real property.

There is no dispute about the grievances of ratepayers. For seven years there has been the report of a Royal Commission testifying to the claim the ratepayers have against the taxpayers. Conservatives have long maintained that these grievances were greatest in the case of agriculture and that it was

suffering under unjust burdens. Until now we may say the Liberals have made it a point of honour to deny the existence of these grievances, and have described the grants in aid of local rates on agricultural land as a system of doles intended to keep up rents. Their vindication comes tardily from Mr. Asquith, who admits that whatever relief has been given to agriculture there still remains a large balance of grievances unredressed. What does he propose to do? It is a very curious proposal. He sets aside all plans for redressing inequalities by making personality liable for rates, or by larger subventions from the Exchequer under some new system instead of the old one, which all agree ought to be amended. Instead of this he intends to put off all reform until he can obtain power from Parliament to assess the site value of land, and impose a special rate on it to be paid by landlords. The admission being made that agricultural land already bears excessive burdens, it is proposed to extend the system by a new rate which will be an additional burden on agricultural land. A project of this kind is already before the House of Commons, dealing with Scottish land; and it will be followed up by a similar measure for England. There is great dispute as to the practicability of such special valuation. The Commission of 1901 reported that it is not feasible; though a minority report was in favour of the plan being tried. The idea is to impose a further rate on land in order that personal property may be spared as far as possible from contributing to the local rates either directly or indirectly. We are told, of course, that an attempt will be made to discriminate more effectually than is done at present between rates which are purely of a local character and those which partake of a national character; and that the rate on site value will be imposed to lessen the weight of local rates on the occupiers. Well, the Radicals have a profound belief in the wisdom of helping agriculture by placing burdens on landlords. They have always professed to believe that the grants in aid benefited the landlords only, and that they were no benefit to the tenants. The tenants, we suppose in sheer perversity, have always held quite the opposite opinion. They will suspect the new pretence that they are to be benefited by a new rate being imposed on their landlords. Their complaint is that the burden of local rating is borne solely by land when it ought to be shared by other kinds of property. This applies strictly to local rates and not only to rates which have in them something of the national element. It is not curing but aggravating the evil to plant an additional burden on the land itself, whoever may be the person to be assessed. Tenants have never troubled themselves about the distribution of the burden; it is the burden itself; and they do not imagine that their own prospects are better because an attempt is to be made to make their landlords' position harder. The real fact is that Mr. Asquith is thinking of something else than of reforming the system of rating that agriculture may be relieved of the burdens which oppress it. Rating is only his secondary object. The site valuation is wanted for other purposes than to relieve local rating. The Government is on the trail of the unearned increment and special taxation on land; and it is hunting the town landlord and the country landlord in the same chase. This is why Mr. Asquith exaggerates the difficulties of rating income for local purposes; although, as Mr. Jowett told him, in Germany the municipalities raise an income tax for local purposes. Mr. Jowett, as a Socialist, has no objection to taxing land; but he sees quite clearly that it means the indefinite postponement of any real reform in rating. He does not share Mr. Asquith's notion of burdening land further and letting personal property go free. He has thus a clearer sense of justice than Mr. Asquith. If duties are constantly being imposed on local authorities it is unjust that the owners of land only, and not also the owners of personality, should be rated. However the grants in aid may be arranged, they will not express the fair proportion owners of personality ought to pay to rating; so that Mr. Asquith shirks the real solution of the rating problem.

#### SWEATED WORKERS.

**S**WEATING is apparently not a grave enough matter for a Government Bill: it must be left to the chances of the private members' ballot and a listless Friday House. The title of the Sweated Industries Bill read a second time on Friday shows its object but not the way thereto. Briefly it is hoped by the establishment of wages boards, at first for selected industries, to make possible the fixing of a legal minimum wage below which no employer shall be permitted to hire labour. To the timid ones, fearful that every advance in social legislation, however tentative, is but another step towards the abyss, this Bill at first sight may appear a confirmation of their fears. They need not be afraid. The Bill should rather be welcomed as evidence that a strong body of opinion has at length determined that the State shall realise its duty towards the most helpless and hopeless of its workers. There is here no question of powerful employers' federations, triumphant unions, prosperous colliers or millworkers able to take seaside holidays. We are dealing with a class shrinking, timid, sunken and forgotten, eking out a hopeless existence on starvation wages. They have no members to represent them in Parliament, and the irony of the situation is that charity and poor relief intensify it. Without this aid there would be none to take the sweaters' terms. We do not for one moment suggest that the Bill as it stands is fit to become law, for it bears all the signs of hasty preparation and confused ideas; but its principle is right. Undoubtedly it was best to send it to the Committee on Home Work. The treatment it will receive there, guided by the evidence of social workers, must assist in producing some practical and workable scheme. As the Bill stands at present, its scope is confined to the tailoring, millinery, and allied trades. Most of this work is done away from the employers' shops, and is as a rule farmed out to middlemen. It is impossible, even if desirable, to inspect a home, and the promoters of the Bill, realising this, would compel the employer to pay the minimum wage fixed by the wages boards for the trade. The boards are to contain equal numbers of employers and employed, and may be formed for any trade, any class of worker, in any area. If they cannot agree on a chairman, the Home Secretary is to appoint one. Either employers or employed may apply for the establishment of a board, and it is in the discretion of the Home Secretary after inquiry held to grant or to refuse the request. We are not sure that to give this unlimited legislative power to a Government department is wise; the confirmation of a tramways provisional order is surely not more important than the welfare of perhaps hundreds of workers.

That there will be difficulties in the way of organising low-paid workers in such a manner that the right sort of people will be representing them on wages boards is patent to all who know the hopeless apathy and lack of corporate feeling existing among the very poor. On this point the evidence given before the Home Work Committee last session is only too clear. It must not be possible for the middleman in disguise to be posing as the workers' trusted representative. But the task is not desperate, and there are many willing helpers whom the backing of the law will do much to encourage. The Bill is strangely silent as to the cost of its working. Local authorities can, and should be made to, assist by providing rooms for meetings, addresses for correspondence, and the slight clerical assistance required. What is left the State should find, for, little though it be, the workers cannot afford even that little.

The idea of wages boards is no sudden departure. For years the careful working of the Conciliation Act by the Board of Trade has familiarised industry with permanent boards of arbitration, and numberless schemes now existing and working well are founded on the wages board basis which the Sweated Industries Bill seeks to make of general and compulsory application. The result has been in most cases a better understanding between employers and employed, and, what is more important, a general levelling of indifferent employers to the standard of the better. With proper care and attention to detail a similar result should not be

impossible in home-work trades, and in fixing for such trades piecework as the standard the Bill has adopted the only possible plan.

The wages boards which have been established in some of our Australasian colonies may be cited as useful precedents, but care must be taken thoroughly to examine local conditions. We are, unfortunately, a free import country, and the measure of protection we can give to our workers depends to some extent upon the competition of foreign countries. Our colonies are highly protected and suffer from no competition of cheap goods, hence it is easier for them to fix a minimum wage. But even under present fiscal conditions it is not impossible for us to go some way towards an attempt to give the hardest-worked and poorest-paid of our people opportunity to attain to a decent standard of life.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROCEDURE.\*

##### I.—FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

**I**T would seem as if our politics and our statesmen were more interesting to foreigners than to ourselves: for a few months ago there appeared the first detailed *Life of Chatham* by a distinguished German, von Ruville; and I have now before me an exhaustive work on "The Procedure of the House of Commons" in three volumes, written by the Professor of Law in the University of Vienna. Walter Bagehot dealt a death-blow at the theory of the British Constitution as evolved by the philosophers and lawyers of the eighteenth century, Montesquieu, Blackstone and De Lolme. The nicely adjusted system of checks and balances, the deliberate division of power between Crown, Lords and Commons, the separation of legislative, judicial and executive functions—all this has been recognised, ever since the appearance of Bagehot's book in 1867, as mere theory, which fascinated men of letters, and which misled Alexander Hamilton into devising the worst Constitution the world has ever seen. The British Constitution, like every other living organism, is constantly changing, and power is constantly being shifted from one part of the Constitution to another, not by deliberate compact, but merely as the result, for the time being, of the battle. I remember many years ago shocking the Treasury Bench by telling its occupants that they were merely an Executive Committee of the House of Commons. At least two Ministers solemnly rebuked me by declaring that they were the servants of the Crown, and therefore not bound to supply the House with information until it was too late to be of any use. The servants of the Crown! So they are, in the grave and respectful language of the pre-Bagehotian theorists; in reality the Cabinet is a Committee of the two Houses of Parliament selected by the Prime Minister. It is the great merit of Mr. Redlich that, though a foreigner and a professor, he has not been imposed on by the pompous theories of the eighteenth century; but has grasped the very practical meaning of our quaint and courtly forms. During the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, the House of Commons was governed by custom and precedent, the "*lex et consuetudo Parlamenti*", which were left to the Speaker and the clerks at the table to enounce. Speaker Onslow would tell Sir Robert Walpole or Mr. Pitt that the rule was so-and-so, and if the Chair was doubtful or disbelieved, an order would be made to search the Rolls of Parliament, or the Journals of the House, to find a precedent. All this answered admirably so long as the House of Commons was what Professor Redlich calls "socially homogeneous", i.e. composed of English gentlemen of similar habits and education, not too much in earnest, who recognised the Standing Orders as the rules according to which a pleasant and exciting game was to be played. The first transference of power from the upper to the middle class took place in 1832, and almost

immediately a change was felt. "Before S. Stephen's Chapel was gutted by the fire of 1834 its occupants became aware of a difference in its atmosphere", writes Sir Courtenay Ilbert. "The keen wind of democracy had begun to whistle through the venerable and old-fashioned edifice." But the spirit of Eton and Oxford survived the first Reform Act for a considerable time, and it was not until forty-seven years later that "the observance of understandings", on which every Constitutional Government depends, was rudely abandoned by the Irish Nationalists. Parliamentary obstruction, like most other great inventions, was discovered by a man quite unknown to fame, one Ronayne, an Irish Nationalist member, who communicated his idea to its first and most celebrated practitioner, Joseph Biggar, an elderly provision merchant, of dwarfed and deformed figure, representing the county of Cavan. The story goes that Disraeli, coming in one day towards the third hour of one of Biggar's orations, fixedly regarded the apparition through his eye-glass. "George," he said at last to someone near him, "What is that thing?" "O, that's Biggar, the new member for Cavan." "Ah!" said Dizzy, in his deepest and most reflective tones, "I thought it had been a gnome sprung from the caverns of the earth." And Disraeli meant what he said, for he felt that he was confronted by a new and terrible power, and he almost immediately retired to the House of Lords. Parnell, who was elected in 1875, saw at a glance the genius of Ronayne's and Biggar's idea. Once recognise that all parliamentary rules and conventions are, as Biggar said, "nonsense," and the opportunities of warfare are infinite. But it was not until the next Parliament, elected in 1880 with a Liberal majority, that both parties saw the necessity of making essential changes in the rules of business. Parnell and his style of fighting were at first regarded as a phenomenon that would pass as other Irish leaders and their methods had passed. But at length his energy and seriousness "shook the parties and their leaders out of their sleep. Their eyes were opened, and they saw obstruction in its true character as parliamentary anarchy, a revolutionary struggle, with barricades of speech on every highway and byway to the parliamentary market, hindering the free traffic which is indispensable for the conduct of business". As Mr. Timothy Healy said one night, "It is no longer a question of argument, but of *avordupois*". Matters were brought to a head by Speaker Brand's coup d'état on 31 January, 1881, when after a sitting of forty-one hours, from 4 P.M. on Monday to 9 A.M. on Wednesday, he made a short and dignified speech to the House, and simply put the question. From that hour it was recognised that the rules of procedure, once a method of convenience, were become a weapon of warfare. From that day to this, from 1881 to 1907, successive Governments have done nothing but tamper with the rules of procedure, modifying or abolishing old rules, and passing new ones, until the Standing Orders of the House of Commons make quite a complicated chapter of technical knowledge. All the changes in procedure that were effected in 1881, in 1887, in 1896, in 1902, and in 1906, are set forth accurately in Professor Redlich's volumes, and brought up to date by the Clerk of the House of Commons. But even as I write the Government has proposed and the House of Commons is discussing yet a further modification of rules so as to enable Bills to be "carried over" from one session to another. The details of these changes would hardly be intelligible, and certainly uninteresting, to the average reader; while even for the scientific student of politics it is the moral significance of the rules, not the rules themselves, that matter. The three changes established by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour and the present Prime Minister are the Grand or Standing Committees, to take the place of Committees of the whole House, the closure, and "the guillotine", or the time-limit within which the closure is to be applied. The object of all these changes is to expedite by curtailing discussion, an end which has been partially attained, but at the cost of almost everything that makes parliamentary institutions valuable. Free and competent argument has gone by the board, and with it parliamentary eloquence and independence of character.

\* "The Procedure of the House of Commons." By Josef Redlich. With an Introduction and Supplementary Chapter by Sir Courtenay Ilbert K.C.S.I., Clerk of the House of Commons. 3 vols. London: Constable. 1908. 31s. 6d. net.

The power which the House of Commons has wrung, as the result of long struggles, first from the Crown and then from the House of Lords, it has been compelled to surrender to the Cabinet. The Prime Minister of England is to-day more powerful than any Sovereign in the world, and far more powerful than the President of the United States, whose influence in the Legislature is extraneous and personal. The establishment of this Ministerial oligarchy has not been the act of the people, still less the work of ambitious statesmen. It has been the unintended result of the action of an irreconcileable parliamentary group—namely, the Irish Nationalists. Verily the Irish have made us pay a heavy price for the Union. For in order to suppress the Irish we have been obliged to suppress ourselves. We have acted like the bear in La Fontaine's fable, who, taking up a rock to crush the fly upon the face of his sleeping friend, smashed his skull. For what has become of that noblest art, eloquence? Killed absolutely by the new rules, for eloquence requires "ample room and verge enough" for its flights. Hazlitt said of Burke's elaborate exordiums that "he was perpetually calling the Speaker out to dance a minuet with him before he began". Alas for the wretch who should attempt to inveigle Mr. Lowther into a similar performance before getting to "business"! He would be assailed by cries of "Question" and "Divide", and be lucky if his ears escaped being rent by that most odious and vulgar cry of "Time". Small wonder that amongst the new members no orator has discovered himself! The new rules have not only killed oratory; they have destroyed business, in the highest sense of the term, and the opportunity formerly enjoyed by the young member of Parliament of learning great affairs. The application of the time-limit to the closure of Votes of Supply and the carriage of the Appropriation Bill has destroyed the control of the House of Commons over the national finance. In future not the House of Commons but the Civil Service will be the nursery of statesmen.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

#### THE CITY.

**B**USINESS on the Stock Exchange is not booming, or slumping; it is steady, with an occasional spurt in a speculative favourite, like Buenos Aires or Rosarios. These latter have experienced the usual fate of favourites, namely, a reaction, and receded from 114 to 111. The increase in traffic published on Wednesday was £15,000 odd, as against £28,000 the week before; and ill-informed dabblers immediately jumped to the conclusion that the Rosario Railway had come to the end of its bumper traffics, and that we should have a series of decreases to look forward to. Nothing could be further from the fact, which is that last week's traffic had to be compared with one of the biggest increases of the year 1907, and the showing was in reality extremely good. The truth is a big bull account had been accumulating in "Rosies", and it was the liquidation, or attempted liquidation, of one of these overgrown accounts that put prices down on Thursday. Increased traffics, however, will continue for many months, and Rosarios are cheap at any figure in the neighbourhood of 112.

The issue of 1,000,000 New Chartered Shares is a piece of financial impertinence which, we trust, will meet with the success which it deserves. The British South Africa Company has never paid a penny of dividends to its unfortunate shareholders; it has made itself responsible for the interest of the debentures of railways which are not earning it; and with the existing shares standing at 15s. in the market, the directors have the face to issue a million new shares at par. As an inducement to pay £1 for a share which the market prices at 15s., the lucky subscriber is to be given the right to buy another share of the same kind at the same price in 1910, and still another share at the same price in 1912. If there are a sufficient number of fools left in the City to subscribe 900,000 of these new shares we shall be much surprised. As long as Messrs. Rhodes and Beit were alive, there was a kind of notion—quite unfounded—that these two extremely clever financiers would do the impossible, and make the

Chartered Company a paying concern. Now that they are gone, and there is no one to beat the patriotic drum, we expect that the public will leave the directors to pay for their own enthusiasm. Rhodesia, like man, "never is, but always to be, blessed."

It is quite extraordinary how the really knowing ones in the City sometimes overlook what is vulgarly called "a snip", i.e. a real bargain. There is the new Copenhagen 4 per cent. loan brought out the other day by Messrs. Hambro at 95½ standing at 96, and for special settlement! Anyone who wants to make a certain 2 per cent. and a possible 4 per cent. profit in the next month should buy as much of this loan as he can, for in normal conditions it must stand at 99 or 100.

The only market which is still in an abnormal condition is the American, as to the future of which opinions are much divided. Union Pacifics have very strong backers both here and in New York, and there are always buyers when the stock falls to 115. Yet the Yankee market is so wholly erratic, that what with the speculators and the presidential elections, a man might as well toss coins or play roulette as "carry-over" American rails. The brewery debenture market has been rather a disappointment, and after a brief boomlet a fortnight ago has relapsed into weakness. We are still of opinion that the fear of Radical legislation has unduly depressed these securities, and that the debentures of firms like Barclay Perkins, Mann Crossman, and Watney Combes are at their present prices good investments.

There has been something like dismay in the market for the shares of tea and rubber companies by the recent heavy fall in the price of rubber. Para rubber is quoted at 2s. 9d. per lb., which means for the best plantation produce about 3s. 3d., as compared with 6s. 6d. fifteen months ago. So many rubber trees have been planted in the Malay States and Ceylon during the last ten years (and are therefore now coming into bearing) that the price was bound to fall; but the American financial collapse has naturally accentuated the decline, for the United States were great consumers. Then the critical condition of the motor trade makes the rubber market worse. It looks as if there was going to be as big a smash in the motor business as there was ten years ago in the bicycle trade. A great many people have in the last few years bought motors which they either cannot pay for or cannot keep up. Consequently there are more sellers than buyers, and the demand for rubber tyres is slackening. At present prices the Ceylon rubber companies can still make a handsome profit; but the Malay rubber companies cannot, because the cost of production, owing chiefly to extravagant management, is much higher in the Straits Settlement than in Ceylon. Indeed the Ceylon rubber companies must be the gainers by the slump, because present prices will simply dislocate the whole rubber industry in Brazil, and break up a great many South American concerns and some Malay companies. This will largely reduce the supply, and as soon as the demand revives it will be found that the Ceylon companies are masters of the market. But it will or may take a year to bring about this result.

#### RECENT INSURANCE PROSPECTUSES.

**T**HE prospectuses of life offices generally contain a good deal that is of interest to those who are specially concerned with such matters, the interest frequently attaching as much to what is left out as to what is put in. We have received recently a number of prospectuses various points in which specially deserve consideration.

The Scottish Life Office has sent us a book containing a full statement of guaranteed surrender values under all kinds of policies. For every age at entry and for every year from the first to the twentieth the cash surrender value of the policy is stated, the amount that can be borrowed upon the security of the policy is given, together with the amount of paid-up assurance that can be obtained by ceasing the payment of premiums and surrendering the original policy, and the length of time for which, without any further payment of premiums, the policy can be kept in force for the original

amount. Books of guarantees of this kind have long been issued by offices in Canada and the United States, but it is a new departure for a British office to adopt so completely this excellent plan. We have repeatedly urged the advisability of giving guarantees of this kind, which add greatly to the value of a policy. While wholly approving this new departure by the Scottish Life, the details supplied by the book suggest sundry adverse criticisms. For one thing the guarantees include the value of bonuses. The American plan of quoting guarantees in regard to the original policy only, and of adding to these the values calculated on a specified basis of whatever bonuses may be declared, seems to us a better method. Especially in regard to paid-up policies given on surrender of the original policy these new guarantees appear to be inferior to the terms previously given by the Scottish Life. The main idea of the book is excellent, but the way in which the scheme is carried out leaves something to be desired.

The Clerical, Medical and General have issued some new prospectuses about endowment assurances, for which they have three tables. One of these is on the non-participating plan, the rates being very favourable, but we cannot quite imagine anybody taking a without-profit policy in the Clerical, Medical when from the same office they can obtain a cost-price policy at a lower rate of premium: under these policies the value of future bonuses is allowed in reduction of premium, and in the event of any considerable falling-off in future bonuses the policyholder might have something to make up. In this society, however, there is no likelihood of such a thing happening, and it is much more probable that the sum assured will be increased in the future by small bonuses. These cost-price policies are not attractive except in offices of the very highest class, when they present considerable advantages; since the chief drawback to endowment assurances is that they involve relatively high rates of premium, the application of the cost-price system to these policies is a specially suitable arrangement, and in an office like the Clerical, Medical and General they are to be preferred to non-participating policies. The third table of rates charges full with-profit premiums, and policyholders have the option of taking a bonus every five years with an interim bonus in the event of the policy becoming a claim between the two valuations, or of taking no bonus at all if they die within the endowment period, but receiving a much larger bonus if they survive to the end of the time. We have often expressed our dislike of the tontine bonus system, and we scarcely imagine that many policyholders will select this unsatisfactory method of dealing with their profits.

The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation has brought out an annuity scheme, which ought to appeal strongly to many people: it provides for the return of part of the purchase-money should the annuitant die comparatively soon after buying the annuity. The details are very clearly set out and offer a wide range of choice to the annuitant. By decreasing the amount of the annuity he can increase the chance of part of the purchase price being repaid to his estate, while by selecting a larger annuity he decreases the chance of return. The scheme is a rational and very attractive one, giving people the benefit of choosing whatever terms are likely to suit them best.

#### THE DISPOSITION OF THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

IT may be convenient that on one point I should supplement what was said last week by Mr. Binyon about the completion of the Wellington monument. Before doing so, may I say with what pleasure I read his reference to my own efforts; but these would have been fruitless had they not been backed by men who could get the practical steps taken, beginning with the Editor of this Review, who has the peculiarity of believing what is written in his paper, and the late Lord Hardwicke. The point I should like to establish beyond doubt, since it has been a matter of discussion, is the proper direction of the equestrian figure. Mr. Binyon, arguing chiefly from internal, artistic evidence,

sees clearly that the present position of the horse, facing east, is the right one; but others have preferred the view obtained by making the horse face west; and it has been asserted that Stevens had favoured this arrangement as time went on. What is the evidence?

There is no doubt whatever as to his first intention. Originally the whole monument was to be placed on the same side of the church as it now occupies, viz. the north side, but in the adjoining bay, the one nearer the transept. For the purposes of the present argument, then, this change does not matter: the effect of the monument is the same. But how did Stevens arrange the grouping of the monument for that position? He arranged it as it stands now: the horse and rider faced east, the group of Truth and Falsehood came under the horse's head, the Valour and Cowardice under his tail, the silhouettes of those groups being designed to echo the outlines of the equestrian group. The evidence for this is Stevens's pen-and-ink drawing, which hangs beside the monument, where the whole composition is sketched under the arch. If more evidence were needed, there is the photograph of the model in Stevens's studio, with the arches painted in behind. Moreover, his separate studies for the equestrian group show that this was the side of the horse he designed for the main view, the view from the nave; the other, the view from the narrow aisle, was secondary, though it was well considered. This main design required the bounding lines of the horse's legs to take the convex curve leading up to the apex; it required also that the Duke should turn his head towards the nave, while the horse turned his towards the aisle. The only difference between the arrangement of the original scheme and the present one is that in the original scheme the recumbent effigy of the Duke faced west; it now faces east. Stevens had overlooked the ecclesiastical tradition by which effigies of the dead face the altar and the rising sun. The difference, so far as the design goes, is not, like the direction of the horse, of vital importance, though the pleasant opposition of direction in the recumbent and equestrian figures is lost. That would be recovered if the original direction of the recumbent figure were restored, and something also would be gained in the view of it received by the spectator approaching from the west. The ecclesiastical tradition, it may be remarked, makes an exception in the case of bishops, whose effigies may face west, so that at the last day they will confront and marshal their flock on rising. (See, for example, a curious little relief in a wall spandril at Worcester Cathedral.) By analogy the same exception might well be made for the leader of an army.

So far there is no dispute: but when the monument came to be set up a new fact was introduced. It was first placed and remained for many years, not on the north side, but on the south side of the church, in a chapel close to the west door. This being so, if Stevens was to preserve his main effect as he had designed it, it became necessary that the monument should be turned round, just as a person would have to turn round who wished to face the nave from the other side of the church; his right hand would be to the east instead of to the west, his left to the west. This is what happened. The Truth and Falsehood group, showing the same face to the nave as before, was now at the west end of the monument instead of the east; the Valour and Cowardice at the east. The recumbent effigy, keeping its relative position to these two, now faced east instead of west, and therefore accommodated itself to ecclesiastical tradition. And the equestrian group? If this was to show the same side to the nave as before, the man and horse would now have to face west instead of east. When I heard it asserted that Stevens had ultimately changed the arrangement of the horse, I took it that this change was the ground of the story; for I had seen no evidence in drawings that he had wavered in his original intention. Curiously enough, however, since this question was raised, I have come across a drawing belonging to Mr. James Gamble, the pupil and assistant of Stevens, which shows that he actually had thought of making the horse face *east* in this new position. He perhaps felt that the rider was brought up too sharply by the west wall of the church.

But this very drawing is a crucial one in favour of my contention, and clinches the proof. When Stevens-

turned the horse round to face east on the south side of the church he did not substitute the back of his design for its front, so to speak. He remade his design, substituting the action of the legs in the original nave view for the side that now would front the nave, and so also with the action of the Duke. The effect was that of a reflection of the original view in a mirror on the opposite side of the church.

I hope I have made this clear; it would be more easily explained with diagrams or figures. What concerns us now is that by the act of Lord Leighton's committee the monument was brought from the south side and the boxed-in chapel to the side of the church where it was originally meant to stand. That being so, it is obvious that Stevens's original disposition must be accepted, and the only arguable point is not the direction of the equestrian group, but that of the recumbent effigy.

I may add here one or two details about the monument that are not generally known. The first is that the original design, as the model at South Kensington shows, was for a monument entirely in bronze, probably to be gilded throughout. It was the decision to have it carried out partly in marble that led to many of the changes in its design; forms more natural to stone being substituted for those projected in metal. The second is that the complete scheme included four panels in mosaic in the vault above the monument, the subject being four military Virtues, viz. Vigilance, Valour, Obedience and Prudence. The bronze groups of "Truth plucking out the tongue of Falsehood" and "Valour spurning Cowardice" doubtless have a direct root in the old canonical series of the Gothic sculptors, the "Psychomachia" or conflict of Virtues and Vices. As Mr. Lethaby has pointed out to me, there is a record of Stevens having made drawings of the sculptures at Salisbury for a lecture by Professor Cockerell, and at Salisbury, in a series of this kind, there is a Truth drawing out the tongue of Falsehood with pincers. In the coil of the brute's tail again he may well have borrowed a suggestion from Flaxman's "Michael overcoming Satan". So the thirteenth century as well as the century of Donatello, and English as well as Italian tradition, yielded something for the new flowering of a great art.

D. S. MACCOLL.

#### SOME PLAYERS AND A PROTEST.

If only the managers of our more serious musical entertainments would learn from the music-hall advertisements in the daily papers the decency and honesty of printing their programmes in the order in which they are going to give them, they would be doing a considerable service to musical critics and to the saner part of the unprofessional audience. I do not ask them to be so accommodating as the Empire, and to give us the exact hour when each piece on the programme is to be given. Those hours could not, fortunately, be kept to the minute by any conductor so personal and informal as Mr. Wood. But I want to know why an advertisement in a morning paper, and, more than that, the list on the advertisement slip which often accompanies one's tickets, should give the order of the pieces in a different way from the order in which they are already printed in the "analytic" programme which is to cost sixpence inside, and which is not even to be had, at that price or any other, on request at the box-office before the appointed time of the concert?

I will give an instance from an event of the week. In the very interesting list of pieces to be given at the Queen's Hall on Saturday the 15th, there was one which I was particularly anxious to hear: the scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier", of Paul Dukas. I had only heard, of Dukas' music, an interminable sonata in E flat minor which only the irresistible energy of Mme. Blanche Selva could have placed and triumphed over at the end of a long concert. But a friend who had heard the setting of Maeterlinck's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" in Paris told me that the music was finer, to his mind, than Debussy's setting of "Pelléas and Mélisande", and that it should by all means be given in England. I was anxious then to hear some orchestral music of

Dukas, and I arranged my afternoon with great care in order to hear my music and yet to follow as closely as I could Mr. Max Beerbohm's advice in last week's number of the SATURDAY REVIEW to go and see Ibsen's play of "Rosmersholm" at Terry's Theatre. I can see the first half of the play, I said to myself, and then get to Queen's Hall just as the Tschaikowsky symphony is ending. I did so, and the symphony was ending, but the scherzo had ended before the symphony had begun. I felt as badly treated as if I had gone into a shop for a measure of salt and on getting home found that I had been given a measure of soft sugar. Suppose the shopkeeper said, on my remonstrating with him, "You could have had your salt if you had come in earlier", do you think I should have been satisfied? This juggling with concert programmes is not easily, or creditably, explicable. Can it be supposed that every person in the audience wishes to be suffocated in the dense, unventilated hall from beginning to end of every concert in order that he may hear now one, now another, piece of music, according to his choice? No, it is only the kindly music-hall managers who have the attentiveness and courtesy to tell you beforehand at what hour you must go out to avoid the punctual cinematograph and at what hour come in to just anticipate the first arpeggios of the ballet-music.

I have been waiting for some time to find a convenient corner in one of my articles which I can fill with the name of an artist I have only lately come to know and appreciate: the name of the French pianist, Raoul Pugno. The art of Pugno is scarcely realised at its full measure in England, for in England we demand display in an executant, and Pugno has no display. He is gentle even in his force: music has no more faithful translator. He is most himself when he plays Mozart and Bach, and I had the delight of hearing him play, at one of the symphony concerts at the Queen's Hall, Mozart's Concerto No. 8 and Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5. His touch on Mozart had that radiance, crispness, clearness which characterise the music itself. He played with a passionate gravity, a poignant gentleness. The rhythm flowed under his fingers like a living stream; there was all Mozart's divine quality, that "glittering peace" of his. Every note had a purity, a delicate sharpness; the attack on the notes was at once gentle and fierce; and so perfect was the art of the pianist that one scarcely thought of it: it was Mozart. The Bach was equally faultless. I never heard the piano melt and mingle in so perfect an agreement with the strings. It went on in an endless flow, never ceasing, never overflowing. The music sounded like a concert of birds in a wood: the piano a murmuring stream, the flute a bird's song, the violin a wind in the trees. I never heard such pure joy in music. How amusing! one said to oneself, as the fugue raced itself out in a dance of sounds. And who could have played just this music with so manly a delicacy, so unassuming a perfection?

By way of contrast, let me mention a concert given the other day at the Aeolian Hall by Mr. Archy Rosenthal, "programme compiled entirely from the works of living pianists". I heard the latter half of the programme, and wished that I could have heard the pianists rather than their music. It was not that the music was always without merit, though it was chosen as if for a drawing-room, but because the player was superficial, facile, without temperament or any really fine musical quality. He sat, sometimes lounging back in his chair, letting his fingers run with meaningless agility over the keyboard, with the air of one assured of pleasing. There was a certain irony in the situation, as these pale reflections flitted before one, and the delicate hands of Pugno and the heavy hands of Mark Hambourg rose up in the memory menacingly. What sincerity in the one, what energy in the other; and here, how empty a show of skill irrelevantly dexterous!

The audience at the Aeolian Hall was an audience which had left its drawing-rooms for its drawing-room player. When I went to hear Emil Sauer at the Queen's Hall I could hardly get through the crowd of eager women and girls, whose hats and faces, ignorant of fashion, told me that they were come to hear music and a player who was himself a musician. With what

courage did this pianist sit down to the piano, and play, as if he had been playing on an instrument of Beethoven's time, the early Sonata in G major (Op. 31, No. 1)! It was done without aim at effect, yet with that true effect which can come only from such sincerity to a meaning, such feeling for a sentiment, linked with a technique perfectly adapted to the music. It was in this Beethoven and in the Schubert which followed that Sauer was at his best. His touch, in all delicate and melodious music, is sensitive, whether it lingers over a slow passage or breaks out into a ripple of runs, that sparkle, do not glitter. It might be called in the best sense elegant playing, a kind of tender elegance, in which feeling never ceases to be gracious. We are losing this sort of playing, in which the piano is coaxed, not bullied. To hear Schubert at all is a relief after so much Liszt. No one but Pachmann can play Schubert, and Sauer has his own, flawless manner. Brahms, even the earliest Brahms, does not come within his means; his force is febrile. But he can render the passionate and mysterious magic of Schumann, he can be gentle with the gnomes of Grieg.

Here, then, is a musician, seen through the executant who has cultivated an unaffected originality of his own. There is no display, no clamour, no unruly temperament bursting through measure and decorum. The notes sing under his fingers, breathing out airs of pure beauty. His skill is no distraction, and does but bring the music closer to our understanding.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### THE SICILIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

AS Sicily has been so good as to submit samples of her dramatic and histrionic manner, it were but decent in us to return the favour. Which of our West-end managers will grasp the chance of taking out his company to the land of Theocritus and Mr. Robert Hichens? It is mainly from these two writers that I had derived my notions of Sicily; and I was hardly prepared for the shock of the first-hand information offered to me at the Shaftesbury Theatre. I do not hesitate to prophesy that a display of English acting would create a not less profound impression in Sicily. I shall make a point of being there on the first night. Already I see the native audience gradually settling down under the influence of the overture—their savage breasts soothed by "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Home Sweet Home", and "The Last Rose of Summer." Masculine fingers which, but a minute ago, in every part of the house, had been tightly gripped round hostile masculine throats, and feminine fingers which had been twitching epileptically under the stress of passion for this one or that of the combatants, will all relax and droop and be strangely still. A stillness as of death will reign throughout the auditorium during the performance of the play; not a movement will there be save when one or another of the hypnotised savages turns to his neighbour, to gape a mute inquiry as to who, what, are these strange, quiet, immobile figures across the foot-lights—figures either something more or something less than human. Next day, the critics (all of whom will pretend to know English) will rave about the quality of the acting, and will deplore that there isn't anything at all like it in Sicily. And the Sicilians, especially the "smart" ones and the intellectual ones (to whom new sensations especially appeal), will simply flock to see the outlandish troupe. Flushed with his success, the manager might then book a season in Lapland, where the effect of his production would be even more interesting to me, as being so exactly analogous to the effect of the Sicilians in London. Tier upon icy tier, I see the Laps sitting huddled, swaddled, their dull faces partially visible under their hoods, a strange gleam discernible in their fishy eyes while the English leading lady is being made love to by the English leading gentleman. I think I hear, through their furry integuments, their poor hearts going pit-a-pat under the stress of this unimagined tornado of passion. The male Laps will wonder whether the wild animal in the black coat is indeed a fellow-creature of their own; and the female Laps will wish they were Englishwomen. The

critics, next day, will extol the magnificence of the acting; and some of the more thoughtful among them will perhaps suggest a doubt as to whether the pleasure to be derived from the performance is in any true sense an artistic pleasure. I myself have no doubt that the Laps' delight will be one merely of excitement, of curiosity. Those of them who happen to have lived long in England, and to whom the English modes of emotion are familiar, will doubtless be able to appreciate the art of the leading lady and gentleman aforesaid, and also to be dramatically illuded by the performance. But for the vast majority of Laps such appreciation, such illusion, will be quite impossible. I am not one of the few English people who are conversant with Sicilian ways; and thus for me, as for the vast majority of people here, these strange players come into the category of entertainers, not of artists. A more exciting, a more amusing "show" than "Malia" I cannot imagine. I mention "Malia" because it is the only one of the Sicilian plays that I have seen. I should not care to see another. My curiosity has been gratified—highly gratified, I assure you—and a second visit to the Shaftesbury would be rather an anti-climax. In the first act of "Malia" the strangeness of the performers is cleverly accentuated by the familiarity of the background. The scene is meant to be the garden of a Sicilian peasant, and there is a dash of local colour in the view of Etna on the back-cloth; but the actual garden, with the hollyhocks upstanding against the Georgian brick wall, and with a lattice window of some pre-Georgian period in the wall of the house itself, has evidently done service in many a vicarage idyll over here, and these hot, wild creatures of the south are the very last people we should expect to meet in it. Sada Yacco and her troupe would not have seemed nearly so incongruous; for they, who came to give us a rather similar thrill some years ago, had at least the air of belonging, like ourselves, to an ancient civilisation, whereas it is obvious that centuries of missionary labour would be needed to give a veneer of civilisation to these admirable Sicilians. Admirable they certainly are, in the strict sense of the word. To watch the Japanese players was a delight, because their every movement and posture was learnedly contrived in accordance to certain elaborate traditions of beauty. It is a delight to watch the Sicilians, by reason of their absolutely natural and untutored grace. See the peasant women swing by, lissom, erect, with baskets upon their heads. Observe the lightning freedom of their fingers when they gesticulate one to another, every finger doing some little eloquent duty of its own, emphasising or qualifying something or other—heaven knows what. Observe Signor Grasso dancing the sort of dance that the horn-pipe would be if the British tar happened to be Sicilian. Throughout the play Signor Grasso's deportment is a model of dignity; but he has little to do, and perhaps his dignity does not stand the strain of having to do much: Signora Ferrau's certainly does not. So soon as she gets under way, which is soon, grace goes overboard. I have no right to doubt that she is a fine actress according to Sicilian standards, and that the capers she cuts and the noises she makes are, according to those standards, very significant and very beautiful. Nor do I suggest that those standards are less good than our own. I merely say that they are, in Lord Melbourne's phrase, "damned different". It is, I imagine, natural for a Sicilian girl to squeak and to squint when she is unhappy; to open her mouth and slap her teeth when she is praying to the Virgin; to throw herself upon a chair, fling out her legs, fling back her head, tickle her throat, and stay there panting, in the posture of a pugilist between the rounds, when she is nearly desperate; and to fling herself to the floor, foaming at the mouth, and arching and straightening her spine, when she is quite desperate. But to us these evolutions have not the meanings that are attached to them in Sicily. They do not illustrate any emotions for us, do not remind us of anything that might be seen outside Bedlam, do but make us smile or shudder according to our temperaments. Nor is it merely that they have no meaning for us. As performed by Signora Ferrau, they give us no visual pleasure—seem to us, indeed, the very negation

of grace. Aesthetic judgments can never, of course, be absolute. Beauty is a matter of fashion—local fashion, temporal fashion. I once saw in a Bloomsbury boarding-house a governess who was in face and figure an exact re-incarnation of La Bella Simonetta. "Quite unfortunately plain" was the verdict of her fellow-boarders, and doubtless of the passengers in the omnibuses by which she travelled to and from her pupils. She may have cherished the sure knowledge that in her previous existence she had had a great prince for her lover, and a multitude of poets and painters to extol always her loveliness. Similarly, the women of Lapland, uniformly and "quite unfortunately" plain though they seem to us, are many of them very beautiful to Lapland's men. And the chances are that when one of our theatrical managers, fired by my idea, takes his company out for a season in Lapland, Lapland's men will not think the leading lady beautiful at all. No matter. Her method will seem to them as odd as does Signora Ferrau's to us; and with oddness they will be, as we are, content.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

MONG the many pleasures, impossible to youth, which growing old brings with it, a minor but by no means contemptible is that of seeing things happen over again, of watching history repeat itself. There are, we know, some who look upon this as an added misery. They quote Ecclesiastes, and bewail themselves that "There is nothing new under the sun". That Solomon wrote in a cheerful spirit (at least in this book) no one proposes to assert: he knew far too much to be what Miss Tox called a "Son of Momus". But the melancholy of this statement is not obvious. It is an undoubted fact that there is nothing new under the sun, nor, as Selwyn said in the reign of George III., under the grandson. But why should there be? Why should people want anything new? Do they know all the old by heart, as Solomon did? Or is it that Greek philosophy is in fashion, with Dr. Reich as its prophet, and they think that the expression of this craving makes them sound Athenian? It was a just answer to Johnson's inept remark—that "No one ever wished Paradise Lost longer"—"Nor the moon rounder". If there is nothing new, there are new people to see the old. Had Solomon chosen so to do, he might with equal truth have asserted that there is nothing old under the sun, nothing which is not new to somebody. When we are all as wise as the weary King Ecclesiast, we shall have a right to use his words. Till when, and it does not seem very near, the world bemoaners must permit such of us as make no claim to infinite wisdom to number the periodic recurrence of events among the pleasures of age, or at least among its allusions. For the people who, with Carlyle's chimney-cowl, are always creaking "I am so meeserable", generally rate old age as a misfortune. Nothing new indeed! We shall be quite content if progress leave us anything that is old.

Of course events do not exactly recur, nor, if they identically did, would they be quite the same to us, for ourselves are not where we were. The life of man may be likened to the painful progress, ascending or descending, of the acrobat who, standing on a ball, propels it with his feet up and down a spiral incline. No doubt the acrobat's attention is chiefly fixed on his business, on keeping his equilibrium, like Dürer's "Fortune", on his ball, and the ball on the spiral. But one conceives that, when the shuddersome feat has become easy to him by repetition, he will have an eye to the "house", will notice here and there a salient feature of the crowd, a soldier's red jacket or a particularly "crying" matinée hat. If so, he will see these again at each turn of the spiral, not quite the same, for he will be higher or lower, but near enough. So in life. Our chief regard must be to our own footing, lest, blundering, we make pudding of ourselves and others. But he is a poor man who takes no notice whatever of the outside world, and a man to us incomprehensible who does not take a certain pleasure in seeing the old things come round again. They prove to him at least that he has completed another turn of his spiral with unbroken bones.

Great events, though they too recur down the "ringing grooves of change"—did Tennyson, by the way, mean by "ringing" resonant, or circling? The one is the more poetical, the other the truer—are not needed, are indeed too often unwelcome. Our acrobat, if in his gyrations he saw the tent catch fire, would hardly care to wait for the next turn to see how it was getting on. Rather he would wobble, perhaps with fatal results. So a man, and there must be many, who has lived through the Crimean and South African wars must be indeed a glutton of life if he wish to live to see another. War may be the most glorious sport on earth, but it is uncommonly poor fun to the onlooker. But the reappearance of indifferent things has in it something charming.

To give an instance, we were quite delighted with the resuscitation of Diabolo. Our rude forefathers called it "The Devil on two sticks" (dreadfully vulgar age, the Victorian), but we were considered too young to play fifty years ago. Petticoated and pouting, perched on a garden seat, we watched our fathers and our uncles playing it, thought, no doubt, what awful duffers they were, and how much better we could do were we only allowed to try. But now that it has come round to us again we can play all day if we like. The neighbours will think us in our dotage, but what of that? When was dotard ever deterred by public opinion? True, the game has lost its pleasing association with Asmodeus. Even the present name is considered strong by some. We heard the other day a timid one suggest that she did not think the name Diabolo "quite nice". Fortunately, among the dotards present was one who retained sufficient Greek—and impudence—to assure her that the name had nothing on earth to do with his Satanic Majesty; that it was derived solely from διαβάλλειν, to throw over or toss, and she was soothed. May it be set down as a white lie to that wicked man, who well remembered its original name. But shall we refuse to welcome an old friend because he has Bowdlerised his name? We were glad to see him get into court the other day, under the patronage of "the original inventor of the game of Diabolo". To this latter venerable personage we desire our compliments. The good old man will be glad to learn that his plaything fascinated our infancy and revives our age.

The Druce case again. We thought we had done with claimants thirty years ago, and behold, we had turned a spiral, and here we were again in Tichborne days of old! And though we had no personal interest in the matter, having no spare cash to lavish on bonds, we own that these claimant cases are interesting. Here, again, the cases were not identical. But in many respects it is the old dog in a new doublet. With its instruction in the secret arts of tailoring, its mysteries of "lapels" for instance, and the ducal extravagance in marking three coats with six tabs, when obviously three were enough, two on No. 1, one on No. 2, and none at all on No. 3, and its lovely flavour of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, it was better, perhaps, than Tichborne.

Tichborne, poor persecuted nobleman, became a bore, before he finally languished in Dartmoor, and the Druce case was beginning to bore when it was so rudely nipped in the bud. Let us take comfort: it will reappear at the next turn of the spiral.

#### INFERENCES AT BRIDGE.

IT is a well-known fact that a large number of people go through life with their eyes tight shut, or at any rate heavily bandaged. They see and realise the ordinary events which occur within the circle of their own immediate surroundings, under their noses so to speak, but beyond that they do not pretend to go at all. They never attempt to read between the lines, to put two and two together, and to draw inferences, correct or otherwise, from what they see and hear.

Precisely the same principle applies to the bridge table. There are many bridge players—we all know them by the score—who are quite au courant with the general principles and conventions of the game, who play their cards intelligently and well, and who consider themselves, and are considered, good sound players, but

who never dream of rising to a height beyond that, or of drawing even the most simple inferences from what they see happen during the play of a hand. To tell such a one that, in a No Trump game, when he holds king and two others of a suit of which the dummy has queen, knave, ten to five or six, and the dealer does not touch that suit, the ace of it is marked to an absolute certainty in his partner's hand, is to talk to him in a language which he does not understand, yet this is the most simple of all inferences. There are many others of the same kind. They present themselves in almost every hand which is played, but a large majority of people, who play what they are pleased to call intelligent bridge, allow them to pass by utterly unheeded. Such players simply do not notice the obvious inference, or, if some idea of it does flash across their mind, they fail to make a mental note of it for future use later in the hand. This is the one and great secret of the success of the first-class player, and this is how he sometimes scores so heavily.

It is not by playing any extraordinarily fine coups, or by wriggling cleverly out of difficult positions, that he gains his advantage. It is by drawing these inferences, by recording them on the tablets of his memory, and by acting on the information thus acquired, that he appears at times to possess an almost intuitive knowledge of how the cards are placed. There is really no intuition about it at all. It is simply close reasoning coupled with a careful observation of the fall of the cards.

One day I was sitting behind a friend of mine, watching him play a hand. He is a very keen bridge player, who fancies himself and his own methods more than a little. The score was one game all, and 24 to 8 in his favour. His right-hand adversary dealt and left it to his partner, who declared hearts.

Let us call my friend A. His hand and the dummy's were :

Hearts—Queen, knave, 10, 7, 6, 2  
Diamonds—Queen, 7, 4  
Clubs—Queen, knave  
Spades—Queen, 9

B  
Y Z  
(dummy) (dealer)  
A

Hearts—King, 9, 4  
Diamonds—Ace, king  
Clubs—King, 9, 6, 5, 2  
Spades—Knaves, 6, 3

The first five tricks were played as follows :

TRICK 1.	TRICK 2.	TRICK 3.
D, 2 B A D, 4 Y Z D, 3	D, 6 B A D, 7 Y Z D, 5	S, King B A S, Queen Y Z S, Ace
← D, Ace A B, 1; Y Z, 0.	← D, King A B, 2; Y Z, 0.	← S, Knaves A B, 2; Y Z, 1.
TRICK 4.	TRICK 5.	
H, 5 B A H, 4 H, 2 Y Z H, Ace	H, 8 B A H, King H, 6 Y Z H, 3	
A B, 2; Y Z, 2.	A B, 3; Y Z, 2.	

A then had to lead, and he wanted two more tricks to save the game. After considerable thought he led the 6 of spades, the dealer made the 10 and the 8, discarded a club from Y's hand on the 8 of spades, and won the game.

I held my peace; but, after it was over and all the cards known, A's partner said to him: "I wonder you did not put me in with a club so that I could give you another diamond to make your last trump. We should have saved the game." A's answer, in a tone of withering sarcasm, was: "I would have done so if I had possessed the faculty of seeing through the backs of the cards, but unfortunately I do not possess it. If I had led a club and the dealer had had the ace we should never have made a trick in the suit at all, and I had no possible means of knowing where the ace was. The spade lead was much the best chance of putting you in."

Now how could the dealer have had that ace of clubs? He had already produced two aces, the ace of

diamonds and the ace of trumps, and was it possible—was it conceivable—that he would have passed the declaration, at that point of the score, with three aces in his hand? Here was an inference which was absolutely sticking out, and which one would have expected to be apparent to the merest tiro at the game, but it was missed, and missed by a player who invariably watches the fall of the cards, and who can generally tell you every card that has been played. He knew perfectly well that the dealer had played those other two aces, but the faculty of putting two and two together and of deducing from what he had observed was altogether wanting. This is the most certain of all inferences at bridge, that, when the dealer, after passing the declaration, produces two aces from his own hand, he cannot have a third, and that, therefore, the missing ace or aces are marked to an absolute certainty in one's partner's hand.

When the dealer has made an original heart or diamond declaration, the inference that he does not hold three aces is still there, it is still a sound basis for your calculations, but it is not quite so certain. It is possible that he may hold three aces, but that he has thought it a wiser policy to make a strong red suit declaration in preference to going for a somewhat risky No Trump. A glance at your own hand and at the cards exposed in the dummy will generally suffice to clear up this point. If, between you, you have considerable strength in the declared suit, then you may take it for granted that the dealer has not three aces, or he would have declared No Trumps.

When an original red suit declaration has been made, it is always difficult to estimate the strength behind it. There may be a No Trump hand, or there may be just moderate outside assistance, or there may be none, an estimate of this can only be arrived at from future developments, and from the way in which the dealer elects to play his hand. When the dealer passes the declaration, however, there is no such doubt. He is now clearly marked with a hand certainly not much above the average, and probably far below it, and it at once becomes a certainty that he has not three aces. In these advanced days no player would dream of passing the declaration with three aces, however weak the rest of his hand might be, therefore you have this one certainty to begin basing your inferences upon, that when the dealer has passed the declaration to his partner, he cannot possibly hold three aces. Bear this in mind, and make a mental note of it, and remember it the next time your opponent passes. It probably will not be of any assistance to you in that particular case, but at any rate you will have begun to practise the faculty of drawing inferences, and sooner or later that simple inference, that very obvious little inference, will be found to be of great service to you, and to materially assist you in saving a game.

W. DALTON.

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### AMERICAN SCHOOLS AND CHRISTMAS DAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Boston, Mass., 10 February, 1908.

SIR,—My attention has this moment been called to the angry reply of "Bostonian" to my letter which appeared in your issue of 28 December in regard to the spelling-book emended to suit Jewish prejudice. I regret exceedingly that I did not see it sooner, as my silence in the meantime is capable of invidious construction.

In the first place I beg to inform "Bostonian" that, happening to be in the publishing house referred to, a member of the staff showed me the typewritten copy of the book with the MS. emendations absolutely and literatim as I have described them, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him emphatically what I have told you. I also spoke to two or three others there whom I know, and they (though for other reasons than mine) shared my indignation.

Secondly, only last Sunday (9 February) at a friend's

house in the country where I was visiting, I saw the spelling-book in the hands of one of his little boys who attends a school in Cambridge.

May I also remind "Bostonian" that I made no criticism of the Boston schools in particular, of which, indeed, I know nothing, and care less? I merely quoted the incident as illustrative of the inevitable tendency of so-called "unsectarian" or "undenominational" education, hoping it might warn those at home who are disposed to be lukewarm in the matter of what surely lies behind any specious or high-handed measure likely to be proposed by the present Government.

Let me also add that when I wrote the letter I was absolutely ignorant of what had taken place in the New York schools about the same time, where in one case the recitation of a popular poem containing an invocation of Our Lord had been interrupted and stopped by a teacher, and subsequently all Christian hymns and carols (customarily sung, I understand, about Christmas) were forbidden on the same ground—"fear of the Jews". One has only to refer back to the popular press of that date—including "Life", the American "Punch"—for comments upon it.

I think, Sir, I have established my truthfulness and fairness, and, disregarding "Bostonian's" gibe, may venture to sign myself

CHRISTIANUS.

#### VESTMENTS AND TOLERATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hendre Coed, Llanaber, Barmouth, N. Wales,  
17 February, 1908.

SIR,—There is a point arising out of the report on vestments which you do not touch in your admirable article, but which is of immediate importance.

We have laid the flattering unctuous to our souls that the Church of England has a right to be proud of the sound scholarship of her bishops, yet on this very simple question we now find that the great majority of the bishops and clergy were at fault.

The alternative, that they knowingly allowed a serious miscarriage of justice to take place, I do not suggest.

To-day the Church has to deal with the very difficult position created by the recent change in the civil law of marriage.

The need of sound scholarship is very great, and laymen are naturally anxious when they find one bishop saying one thing, and another something quite different.

Is the Church once more to be betrayed into a false position through lack of scholarship, as she undoubtedly was on this question of vestments? The fact is that the sound scholarship of the bishops is a myth; only a minority of them can lay claim to anything of the sort, and the same applies to the clergy.

It is quite true that there are great scholars among the bishops as well as in the ranks of the clergy, but in the storm and stress of an immediate difficulty their voices are drowned in the general hubbub.

You might do great work for the Church in fixing the attention of intelligent Churchmen upon the utterances of the men who really know, and in steadily discountenancing the current fallacy that, because a man is a bishop, therefore what he says is worth listening to.

Yours faithfully,  
LAURENCE W. HODSON.

#### THE MORAL OF CROSBY HALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

109 Inchmery Road, Catford, S.E.  
17 February, 1908.

SIR,—I have only just seen the letter on the above in your issue of the 8th inst., and, if not too late, I should like to endorse your correspondent's conclusion that the general indifference to the fate of this relic must be attributed to the growing utilitarianism in education. It is impossible to think that this could have occurred in the days of Ruskin and Morris, and although Westminster Abbey may be in no immediate danger, the rising generation may yet come to regard it with but slight reverence. The general tendency of their school-

ing is to make them blind to all the things which were meant to raise man's life above the trivialities of test matches and kindred excitements.

Without doubt, the increased time demanded by modern languages, rather than the apathy of headmasters, is largely responsible for this. It is, indeed, worthy of consideration how far these demands may be condensed. Is the Tower of Babel never to be atoned for? For how long is the error of those scientific spirits of the land of Shinar to be allowed to consign countless ages of schoolboys to our modern language practitioners? Surely the day will come when a larger margin of time may be left for education.

However, as your correspondent points out, much might be done to relieve the barrack-like aspect of class-rooms and corridors in our schools, and this without any encroachments on time-tables. Mean and sordid surroundings deaden the sense of beauty and imagination. But the average teacher to whom the training of our children is consigned objects to pictures in class-rooms as tending to distract the children of the class!

Yours faithfully,

A. W. CARTER.

#### "LITERATURE BY BULK."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Surrey Street, Strand, W.C., 14 February, 1908.

SIR,—In your editorial notes of the 8th inst. you say "the time when literature will be valued at so much the pound avoirdupois . . . has come already. . . . The Caxton Publishing Company throws out a challenge to the wide world of letters; it claims that its 'Chambers' Encyclopædia' offers matter to the buyer at the rate of 6,900 words a penny".

We would venture to point out that this is not exactly the case.

We are quite in accord with your implied suggestion as to the indignity of literature being sold by bulk. What we have done is to challenge the statement of the "Times" that its "History of the World" is "the cheapest book in the world"; we claim that the "Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopædia" published by us is a considerably cheaper book than "The 'Times' History of the World"—even judged by the relative number of words and by the price.

But if the writer of the note in question will read again the advertisement to which he alludes, he will see that we distinctly disclaim any idea of judging the relative cheapness of these or of any other works by the number of words they provide for a penny. This standard of comparison originates with the "Times" and not with us.

Yours faithfully,  
For the Caxton Publishing Company,  
H. F. LE BAS, Managing Partner.

#### OUIDA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Leghorn, 17 February, 1908.

SIR,—Mr. Cunningham Graham in the SATURDAY of 15 February suggests headstone for Ouida's grave by public subscription, and generously offers £5 towards this object. May I be allowed to say that a French lady of title, an old and valued friend of the deceased writer, who desires to remain unknown, has already sent to me (in the absence of relatives and heirs) a sum for the purpose large enough to provide a noble and lasting monument of the kind? I therefore venture to suggest that any public subscription to do honour to Ouida might more fittingly be devoted to some memorial of her in her native Bury S. Edmunds.

Mr. Graham is right in saying that Ouida "stuck to quills". On a modest writing-table at the foot of the bed where her dead body lay I found, reverently arranged by the hands of an unlettered servant, two large quills in saltire. The honour thus spontaneously rendered by symbols takes us back to the origins of armorial bearings and impresses; it is striking evidence of the vivid quality of the Tuscan imagination; and of all the tributes paid to the genius of the novelist it is

surely the one which would have appealed to her most of all.—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,  
M. CARMICHAEL.

## CHARLES WITHER M.P.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Grand Hôtel, Le Pont, Canton de Vaud (Suisse),

10 February, 1908.

SIR,—I have just seen a copy of the SATURDAY REVIEW of 1 February, and must write a line to tell you how charmed I was with your sympathetic article on Charles Wither "the younger" of Hall. May I however venture to criticise the paragraph which begins with the statement "Charles Wither has quite escaped the notice of personal or local historian"? I published last autumn, through Messrs. Warren, of Winchester, a full account of the "Wither Family". In it you will find some pages devoted to the life and lineage of Charles Wither, and detailed pedigrees showing the connexion between the Withers of Hall and the Withers of Manydown. Charles Wither, by the bye, was never the owner or tenant of Manydown Park, which, from 1484 to 1871 belonged to or was held by the elder branch of the family to which I belong.

It is refreshing to compare your luminous and life-like article with my somewhat dry and condensed account of Charles Wither, which the necessities of a voluminous history entailed upon me, and I hope I may see the further article which you promise.

I am very faithfully yours,  
REGINALD F. BIGG-WITHER.

## SWERVE IN BILLIARDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 February, 1908.

SIR,—Mr. Glenny's letter in your issue of 8 February gives me an opportunity of correcting an error in my former letter to you. In accepting one part of his views and rejecting another I was guilty of an inconsistency, which really arose from my confining my attention to one question only.

Your correspondent seems to have formed an incorrect idea of the motion of a billiard ball. So far as I can gather, he pictures to himself a ball spinning about a vertical axis, or at least about an axis so nearly vertical as to pass through the area of contact with the table. But a little consideration will show that if the ball is moving forwards, this condition of things cannot last. The friction between the ball and the table will displace the axis of rotation, and the ball begins to roll. This takes place very soon—generally in about one-twentieth of a second or so. Before this takes place, however, the path of the ball is parabolic; but this part of the path is of no importance.

We can now consider the rolling ball as follows: Draw a circle on the ball whose plane is perpendicular to the axis of rotation. Then the ball can move so that this circle is always in contact with the table. Normally, the path of the ball is a straight line.

Now, as Mr. Glenny points out, I ignored the fact that there is an area of contact with the table, and not a geometrical point. I did this purposely; but I now find that it is a fact of considerable importance. There is a narrow belt on the ball, which comes into contact with the table, not a geometrical circle. We may consider this belt as bounded by two circles. It is plain that if an intermediate circle rolls on the table, these extreme circles must experience a slight degree of slipping, and in opposite directions. This means that the distribution of friction over the area of contact is not uniform, but is such as to produce a swerve in the opposite direction to that of a curling stone.

I do not see really how the "lay" of the cloth can produce any effect. I would like further evidence as to whether a billiard ball ever does swerve in the opposite direction, except as a result of accident (e.g. some unevenness in either ball or cloth). If so, I would be indeed interested to hear a suggested explanation.

Will you allow me, in conclusion, to express my thanks to Mr. Glenny for his courteous reply to my previous letter to you?—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A MATHEMATICIAN.

## REVIEWS.

## TOMBS OF THE OLD EGYPTIANS.

"The Burial Customs of Ancient Egypt." By John Garstang. London: Constable. 1907. 31s. 6d.

THIS is one of the best archaeological books—and they are many—which have been written of late years about ancient Egypt. It is in substance an account of the excavations carried on by Professor Garstang in the great Middle Empire cemetery of Beni Hasan, and the funeral customs which they illustrate are therefore for the most part those which distinguished the age of the eleventh and twelfth dynasties. But the number of tombs that were opened, and the minute accuracy of the record that was kept of the discoveries make the work peculiarly valuable. Professor Garstang is an archaeologist and excavator of long experience, and in the production of the volume he has been assisted by the Egyptological lore of his colleague Professor Newberry. The book is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs, so that the reader has a picture of the object discovered or described always before his eye. For the sake of specialists an appendix has been added giving a detailed list of the tombs and their contents.

The plan of the book is admirable. The dry bones of archaeological discovery have been clothed in it with flesh and made intelligible and interesting to the ordinary reader. In place of a dry catalogue of discoveries or a description of the experiences of the excavators, the structural character of the tombs and the objects found in them have been made to furnish a history of ancient Egyptian burial beliefs and customs, and therewith of the daily life of the people. For in the age to which most of the tombs belong the tomb was but a reflection of the dwelling-house, and its walls were frequently decorated with the scenes of everyday life, while the objects buried with the dead were those which he used and enjoyed in this material world. Moreover the tombs opened by Professor Garstang were the tombs of the well-to-do middle class, and consequently offer a representative picture of the general culture of the time.

In his introductory chapter Professor Garstang points out the relation that existed between the physical conditions of the Nile Valley and the religious conceptions of its inhabitants, and endeavours to trace the development of the Egyptian sepulchre from the primitive grave to the pyramid and rock-chamber. In this attempt, however, he does not seem to us to have been successful, and we fail to see the connexion between the tombs of the early dynasties at Abydos and the pyramids, or between the pyramids and the rock-chambers of a later age. In fact, the model of a pyramid erected by the side of the rock-tomb of Mentu-hetep at Thebes is a sign that the Egyptians themselves regarded the two latter forms of sepulchre as essentially different. The rock-tomb was Theban, the pyramid was Memphite, but up to the time of Mentu-hetep it had characterised the burial-place of the kings whose cemetery was near Memphis, and though the founder of the Theban empire clung to the rock-tomb of his ancestors he felt himself compelled to build in front of it the accepted funereal symbol of that royalty of which he claimed to be the heir. The pyramid is really the successor of the circular cairn, not of the rectangular grave, while the rock-tomb characterises a people who are acquainted with the use of metals. It is, therefore, simplest to regard the tombs of the early dynasties at Abydos as Thinite, the pyramids as Memphite, and the rock-chambers as Theban, without seeking to establish an evolutionary relationship between them.

Nor, again, can we follow Professor Garstang in the practical identity which he appears to pre-suppose between the burial customs of the Middle and New Egyptian empires. So far, at any rate, as the educated classes were concerned, religious belief underwent profound changes in the interval between the two periods of history, and it is therefore reasonable to conclude that the burial customs which depended on the beliefs would have changed too. And they certainly did change. When the eighteenth dynasty is founded, embalming has become general, whereas, to use Professor Garstang's own words:

"Nowhere, and in no instance among the Middle Empire interments, was there any trace of the process of mummification, as it is commonly understood." So, again, we look in vain in the tombs of the Middle Empire for the ushebtu figures which characterise the tombs of the New Empire, and a curious discovery made at Beni Hasan shows that in place of the Canopic jars, with their heads of the four genii of the dead, in which the viscera of the mummy were deposited, wooden boxes were employed containing dummy representatives of the internal organs of the body. It is true that the acceptance of the Osiris cult with its ritual, the so-called Book of the Dead, produced a general likeness between the burial customs of the two epochs; but there was a difference in details, and, in the matter of mummification, of even more than details, which it would be desirable to work out.

At Beni Hasan, however, while the Old Empire was represented, there was a strange absence of tombs of the New Empire. But in this respect Beni Hasan is like many other sites in Egypt. The gaps that occur in the archaeological record of so many Egyptian cemeteries still await explanation. Certain periods are abundantly represented, while others are wanting just where we should expect to find them. Closely connected with this problem is another with which the excavator is confronted, the absence, namely, of graves of the poorer classes. The great number of middle-class tombs proves that the poorer population must have been large, not to speak of the slaves who in the age of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties must have been quite as numerous. What has become of their bodies? As compared with the actual population of Egypt at any given period the number of graves that can be assigned to them is exceedingly small.

A partial answer to these archaeological problems may be found in the twofold fact that the cemeteries of ancient Egypt are still far from exhausted, and that our knowledge of the archaeological characteristics of certain periods in the history of the country is still imperfect. It is not so long ago that it was supposed that all remains of the first two dynasties had perished, while objects which we now know to have belonged to that period and even to the so-called "prehistoric" age were believed to be of Roman date. The Hyksos period is still, archaeologically, almost a blank, and it is very possible that tombs now assigned to some other period may turn out to belong to it. Professor Garstang suggests that the absence of New Empire remains at Beni Hasan may be due to the district having been overrun by foreign tribes during the Hyksos dominion. In this case, however, we should expect to discover some traces of the intruders, while the native population could not have been entirely extirpated.

One of the customs of Middle Empire burials was to deposit wooden or clay models of ships, houses, granaries, and workmen's figures with the dead. Figures of market-women are common; so also are figures of persons engaged in domestic occupations, making bread, brewing beer, and the like. Numbers of these models were found at Beni Hasan, being one of the most valuable discoveries made there. They illustrate the daily life of the people by an appeal to the eye in a way that no literary description would do, and show us what their houses were like as well as the granaries in which their grain was stored. The granaries were all private; there were as yet no public granaries, which first make their appearance with the advent of the eighteenth dynasty. Little of an artistic character, however, was met with; that was reserved for the tombs of the great nobles and landowners.

The methodical clearness with which Professor Garstang's work has been put together leaves nothing to be desired, and index and headings are in unison with the rest of the book. Perhaps it would have been better if in the appendix he had added to his description of the contents of the tombs the date of each, doubtful cases being marked by a query. Thus the pottery found in tomb 684 makes it quite certain that it is later than the age of the twelfth or thirteenth dynasties, the date of the other tombs with which it is coupled. It is, indeed, not impossible that it is a representative of that Hyksos period for traces of which the archaeologist is still in search.

#### STILL IN TUSCANY.

"Florence and Northern Tuscany with Genoa." By Edward Hutton. Illustrated. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

"Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends." By Dorothy Nevile Lees. London: Chatto. 1907. 5s. net.

THERE is no end nowadays to the books in English about Italy, and, as is only natural, Tuscany, the Garden of Italy, now, as always, proves herself the most alluring spot in the whole peninsula. Here, then, we have two more books, Mr. Hutton's almost wholly, Miss Nevile Lees' entirely, devoted to old Etruria, and no great wonder. Mr. Hutton is familiar now as a writer of great charm who brings us into close sympathy with the places of which he writes. We do not approve his opinions: we cannot share his sentiments; his Christian sentiments and Pagan opinions, two contradictions in close juxtaposition, seem to palter with us in a double sense and take the reader nowhere. Some of his references to Christianity sound merely profane, while his invocations of Paganism have no more substance than a shadowy latter-day sentimentality. But when all criticism is over and done with we can be, and are, very grateful to Mr. Hutton for the sheaves of golden fact which abound in this closely packed volume. The fifty-three pages on Pisa are the best thing we know in English on the treasures of the city and the fortunes of the Republic. He speaks, too, of Livorno, Empoli, Vallombrosa, Prato, Pistoia, Lucca, always with discernment, often with an illuminating flash that lets us into the secret of some recondite obscurity, some tangled perplexity.

Mr. Hutton's style has the natural qualities of excellence, perspicuity and simplicity. But he must beware lest this facile spontaneous gift degenerate into mannerism. Why does he, why do Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Heywood, and even, if we remember right, the correct Mr. Gardner, why do such writers persistently leave out the definite article when speaking of the Madonna? That the evil is spreading is proved by the fact that Miss Dorothy Nevile Lees, a writer new to us, has been caught by the contagion. No Italian says "Madonna" tout court, except vocatively, always "La Madonna". Why then do these writers irritate their readers by so singular an outrage upon Italian custom? Can it be because "the My Lady" is ungrammatical? But surely it is just the triumph of the Madonna that she has led grammar captive: Italian history is full of Madonnas: the Madonna stands alone, and is shorn of her great philological privilege when deprived of the ungrammatical definite article. Mr. Hutton carries this singular practice into almost all his references to things and places, Bargello, Badia, Ponte di Mezzo, Palazzo Vecchio, &c., &c., which all in Italian would have the definite article and which all need it in English.

A feature of the book which should lead to much controversy is the plain-spoken attack on Savonarola. There was need for plain speech on the subject. Mr. Hutton exaggerates somewhat, and is at times overvehement. "One of the bores of history", he calls Savonarola, which is true enough when anti-clericals try to prove him one of their kidney, but when he describes him as a "turbulent fellow, a puritan, a vandal, a boaster, a windbag, a discredited prophet, a superstitious failure", the truth in the description is clouded by gross over-vehement of statement. When, too, he goes on to speak of the "devilish sensual face" and the "sensual mind" of Savonarola, he exaggerates and misconceives. Savonarola's face is undoubtedly most unpleasing; it is easy to think of him in other circumstances as developing into the worst of devils and being possessed by the devil Asmodeus, but the warfare against self, the heroic subjugation of the senses, are also written on that face and appear most luminously in what we know of his turbulent, unhappy, inconclusive existence.

Miss Lees, as we have said, is a writer new to us. These bright vivacious sketches of hers call for no review, only for commendation. They are instinct with the true everyday life of Tuscany. The writer has a quick ear, a quick eye, the faculty of appreciation, the

gift of enthusiasm and a very agreeable humour. She is in love with her subject, and with that sure talisman has found her way into the hearts of the people, and faithfully depicted their loves and hates and jealousies, their hopes and beliefs and aspirations. The sketches, if at times slight and fleeting, are always faithful and true. And that is saying much.

#### LEADERS OF THE SALON.

"The Salon." By Helen Clergue. New York and London : Putnam. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

MISS CLERGUE has chosen a subject the interest of which it is not easy to exhaust or by this time it would have been written out. We have had within the last few years at least two works by another lady of wide reading which deal to a considerable extent with the persons treated of in this book. M. de Ségr's exhaustive work on Julie de Lespinasse, which has recently been translated into English, has told us all there is to be known on the most fascinating personality among the four discussed by Miss Clergue. Therefore we are not too exacting in asking for some novelty of treatment from an author who takes up a well-worn theme. But it cannot be said that Miss Clergue opens out for us any new paths on this trodden ground. She is a diligent student of the period and her bibliography is well-nigh exhaustive, but she does not tell us much which has not already been said as well, and sometimes better, by others. Sainte-Beuve long ago gave the world inimitable essays on the same people, and Walpole has gossiped about many of them. The latest products of M. Brunetière's conscientious and indefatigable talent have also been largely concerned with the Salon and its influence on French thought and letters. For the student, therefore, little remained to be said, but a fresh and scholarly treatment in English of a subject which can never be without attraction would still have been welcome.

Some of the equipment for such a task Miss Clergue undoubtedly has: she has read widely and has a capacity for orderly arrangement, but she unfortunately appears to lack enough mastery of English to make her subject attractive or her meaning always clear. Such ponderous and awkward sentences as the following are only too common: "Contentment does not come readily to soaring spirits which, in a world where mediocrity obtains, flutter uselessly against the walls of environment, only to be hurt by aspiration." "It was the usual mariage de convenience and was late for the wedding-day of so much wit and beauty, but her dot was small and the Marquis was undoubtedly the first suitor who was presented, and, as he possessed the necessary qualifications, the marriage was concluded without delay." "The traveller was invited to Schönbrunn, where she saw for the first time Marie Antoinette, then a girl of twelve, and whom Madame Geoffrin thought 'beautiful as an angel'." These are specimens picked out at random from many; and surely it is not hypercriticism to suggest that a writer, especially when treating of a subject so closely connected with belles-lettres, should have more care for composition. It is odd that the perusal of so much good French literature should not lead at least to reasonable clearness and correctness in expression.

The part played by the Salon in the development of French thought and literature in the eighteenth century was undoubtedly very large, but Miss Clergue is not at one with the latest criticism in the overwhelming influence she attributes to it. Brunetière thought that it tended to narrow rather than enlarge, it was indeed rather exclusive than inclusive, it shut out more than it admitted. We are inclined to think too that its tone was not so conducive to morality as the author would have it. She tends in her judgment to soften unduly the truth about many of the relationships upon which she touches. We have certainly no desire to have any preaching on these matters, though we confess Burke's famous sentence with regard to the Ancien Régime that "vice lost half its evil from losing all its grossness" has always seemed to us as it did, if we may say so without presumption, to Cardinal Newman, at

variance both with facts and ethics. We do not think it is consistent with accuracy to argue that the conduct of the Salons paved the way for a more exacting standard in sexual relationships than prevailed before. The standard of the society of the Revolution, the Empire or the Restoration was certainly not higher than that of earlier times. One point urged by the author as to the conduct of the Salon does not seem so much to have been invented there as to be the natural tendency of French manners, we mean the obligation to engage in a general conversation and eschew the tête-à-tête. Anyone to-day who is present at a large French dinner party can compare the difference between the common interchange of ideas prevailing there with the method almost universal in this country of confining conversation to one's immediate neighbours.

But though we should disagree with a few of the remarks in the preliminary essay to this book, the writer is on the whole well informed and judicious. Of the four studies which make up the remainder of the volume those on Julie de Lespinasse and Madame Geoffrin are better written and show more freedom of treatment than those on Madame du Deffand and Madame d'Epinay, though they all contain the results of much careful study. The awkward diction which so often mars them is perhaps the result of lack of practice in writing.

Of these four clever women Madame Geoffrin had the most remarkable career. Bourgeoise both by birth and marriage, she became the protégée of Madame de Tencin, one of the most profligate women of the epoch, who introduced her into society. While herself a model of middle-class propriety, she became the bosom friend of Poniatowski, the lover of Catherine the Great, and the intimate correspondent of the Empress. The story of Madame du Deffand and Julie de Lespinasse is well known by this time to the British public through its recent adaptation in a novel. Madame d'Epinay will always be associated by the world in general with the neurotic maudlinings of Rousseau. English society of the day knew more of the first two, but we are surprised to learn that Julie de Lespinasse was won by "the enthusiastic temperament and public spirit" of Lord Shelburne. Whether this view of his character be the author's, or has warrant in some remark of Julie's, it is totally at variance with that of the vast majority of his English contemporaries. We have always thought this "suppressed" character in English history hardly treated, but the effect his character created was universal distrust, expressed in the epigram that "he could not take a cup of tea without a stratagem", or, as Lord Rosebery puts it, "Shelburne's good faith was always exemplary but always in need of explanation".

The results of Miss Clergue's careful research would have been much more useful to the general reader if she had added brief notes summarising the careers of many persons alluded to in this volume. Many people are interested in the Salon whose ideas are vague as to individuals.

#### "CAROLI PRÆCURSOR."

"William Laud." By W. L. Mackintosh. "Great Churchmen" Series. London : Masters. 1907. 3s. 6d.

DURING the ten persecutions of the primitive Church a bishopric was not a reward for holding moderate and vague opinions, but the post, usually, of danger and death. Nothing so sealed the apostolic character of the Church of England in the seventeenth century as the spectacle, at the two crises of her fate, of the chief shepherds of the flock suffering poverty, imprisonment and exile rather than compromise the principles which they were set to defend. Sancroft, like Juxon, was not called to anything beyond confessionship; but Juxon's predecessor on the primatial throne resisted unto blood—the fourth Archbishop of Canterbury to come by a violent end. Two Archbishops of Paris have died a martyr's death in living memory. Can the English Church hope again some day to have the blessing of like leaders? Certainly the place where a bishop can do most good is in prison. The idea sounds ludicrous, no doubt. The prelatic office is

indelibly associated in our minds with statesmanlike climbing-down and graceful concession to newspaper opinion. But Laud (in Mozley's words) "saved the Church of England" by having his head severed from his body. He was, however, a sad extremist.

Shorthouse, a Quaker, was drawn to the Church of England, as Mr. Mackintosh reminds us, by what he described as the "exquisite refinement which is its peculiar gift and office". He found in George Herbert his ideal of "the ascetic priest who was also a fine gentleman". It was through Laud's entreaties that Herbert exchanged the life of a courtier for that of a curé de campagne. But the linendraper's son—his Puritan enemies cast his origin in his teeth—was himself of a very different stamp. A thorough ecclesiastic and ascetic is never plebeian. But Laud might have made fewer enemies had he inherited the delicate perceptions of high breeding. It was a curious chance which made this blunt priest yokefellow to the fastidious and refining King, who loved Laud, indeed, better than he ever loved Strafford. But Laud, though scarcely sweet-natured, was not a hard man. Mr. Mackintosh quotes from his *Devotions* the petition for his domestics : "Make me ever willing, and in some measure able, to repay unto them the time and the strength which they spend to do me service." He grieves at the death of a steward, "my antient, loving and faithfull servant, who was now become almost the only comfort of my affliction and my age". A dream makes him rise in the night to drive from Hampton Court to Croydon to the death-bed of another servant. The Lambeth poor were devoted to him. When Prynne after his condemnation wrote a violent screed to the Archbishop, he insisted that Prynne should not be denied pen and ink or books—a contrast to Prynne's subsequent brutality towards Laud in captivity. In the High Commission Court—of which Mr. Hutton remarks that "probably no human institution has ever been more irrationally or more untruthfully attacked"—Laud was constantly on the side of leniency. The people he did not treat lightly were high-placed and powerful profligates. "In questions relating to marriage", writes Gardiner, "the Court struggled against every kind of opposition to uphold a standard of high morality and the cause of injured women". It was because he had punished Sir Robert Howard's paramour that the Archbishop at his trial was ordered to pay a large sum to the guilty couple for compensation.

Mr. Gladstone in his Romanes lecture spoke of Laud as half-culprit, half-martyr. The former expression would have been cheered in Farringdon Street, but was hardly appropriate in that University where Laud lies, of which he was the re-founder, and which he enriched with fair buildings and over thirteen hundred Oriental MSS.—the King had commanded that every vessel from the Levant was to bring one manuscript, which was to be at the Archbishop's disposal. His own munificence was almost mediæval. His energy as a reformer and purifier of the Church disgusted the established Puritanism. Grimston described Laud in the Commons as "the sty of all the pestilential filth which had infested the State". The expression may remind us that in the Southwark Lady-chapel, where Andrewes lies, hogs were kept just before the Stuart era, and that Grimston's military friends used the sanctuary of Lichfield Cathedral for a fouler use still. That Englishmen can now worship God with decency and a certain catholic order they owe to the life and death of William Laud. Mr. Mackintosh retells the story in an interesting way.

#### A PLEASANT GOSSIP.

"*A Family Chronicle.*" By Gertrude Lyster. London: Murray. 1908. 12s. net.

OF the writing of lives and reminiscences it would be safe—but not original—to say that there is no end. One sometimes wishes there had never been a beginning. Everybody writes his life or gets somebody else to do it for him nowadays. The only question is when one can decently begin. Perhaps sixty-five is

about the time a man can sit down at his life and reminiscences. Certainly if he can tell a good number of fresh stories about some famous people he may be sure of a royalty account better than anything he is ever likely to get out of any Government in the way of an old-age pension. Lives and memoirs and the like, to be really useful, should either illustrate a strong and stimulating or beautiful personality or character, or should throw on a period light which is or will be of real historical value. If either of these ends can be achieved, there is more than an excuse for the book—there is a public service rendered by it; though, unhappily, many reviewers—knowing the appetite of most readers—will persist in treating the book as a budget of "good things", and will pick these out.

We cannot say that "*A Family Chronicle*" illustrates powerful or beautiful character, or that it throws any light to speak of on social or political history within the period treated—practically the whole of the nineteenth century—but it is a pleasant gossip book, charmingly illustrated, and full of readable items.

And what a relief it is to get away from the eternal six-shilling novel! Here, at any rate, if there is no great cleverness, nothing to make the reader rise feeling the better and seeing life the straighter from his reading, there are real human beings; not the puppets on wires which are manufactured nowadays to order by half a hundred geniuses in fiction. If we thought that this would kill the six-shilling novel, we could wish that every other man would write his life and reminiscences. He could hardly help saying something new or even useful to somebody. Does the ordinary six-shilling novel teach any man anything?

The editor has here woven together a large number of notes and letters originally selected by her aunt Barbara Lady Grey. Lord and Lady Dacre and their life at The Hoo, Kimpton, and their circle of friends in the first half of the nineteenth century; with the Rev. Frederick Sullivan and his wife, Lord Dacre's step-daughter—these with Lady Grey herself, the Sullivans' daughter, are the dramatis personæ of the book. Both Lady Dacre and Lady Grey had some literary tastes, and gathered round them at various times notable writers such as Joanna Baillie, Sydney Smith and Miss Mitford. Sydney Smith does not shine dazzlingly in his letters to Lady Dacre here printed, and perhaps the best literary thing in the book is Miss Mitford's description of Elizabeth Barrett, which is fresh and living. Some of the incidents scattered through the book are more interesting than the literary touches. As a young man Lord Dacre himself used to walk down from London to Kimpton regularly once a week, partly for exercise and partly for economy. To-day the road from London to Welwyn is horribly invaded in summer at the end of the week by cyclists and motorists, but even fifteen years ago it was quite different. We have often walked from Hatfield to Codicote, and can imagine how beautiful the way must have been in old times. Even now it has charming scenes, what with the Upper Lea and the little Mimram river at Welwyn. Some of the prettiest copses within thirty miles of London lie round Welwyn and Codicote, and there are quiet and leafy byways for those who know the lie of the land. At The Hoo Lord Dacre was a neighbour of Lady Salisbury, who was burned at the terrible fire at Hatfield in 1835. He mounted his horse and galloped to Hatfield on hearing of the fire, but was so distressed at hearing the news that he turned back broken down by grief. At Hatfield the country people behaved far better than they appear to have behaved at the disastrous fire at Hurstbourne, when they made little attempt to save the house or its treasures. Lady Salisbury, who was burned at this fire, was a woman of great character. She rode at such an advanced age that according to Lady Grey she had to be strapped to her horse. She continued to hunt when she was almost blind, and her groom, in his keenness to see the sport, would urge her to take the most alarming fences. Lady Grey gives a description of the death of Huskisson in 1830 at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Lord Dacre and the Duke of Wellington were of the party invited. Lord Dacre and Huskisson were standing together just before the accident. But she omits

to mention that the Duke of Wellington was in a way the cause of the accident. There had been coolness between him and Huskisson, and the Duke generously desired to make up the quarrel. He signalled to Huskisson, who eagerly responded and came up to shake hands. Directly afterwards in trying to get back to his own carriage Huskisson became confused and was knocked down by another moving train. The story is well told in Smiles' very interesting life of the elder Stephenson.

#### NEWSPAPER DIAGNOSIS.

**"The Conquest of Cancer."** By C. W. Saleeby. London: Chapman and Hall. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

"**M**ALUM immedicable cancer" says Ovid; "**I**n sanabile scribendi cacoethes" says Juvenal. Our business is with both these inveterate maladies. The book before us invites the public to take sides in what is essentially a professional dispute, and though such disagreements are best conducted within doors, since the author is crying "Murder" from the window let us consider what he has to say. But first it is necessary to bring the story up to date, which we may do with a "synopsis of previous chapters" after the fashion of the serial novelist.

Dr. Saleeby, the author, is a qualified physician who, having served a brief term as a practitioner of medicine, has elected to become a free-lance. He has proclaimed his withdrawal from practice, and has entered the field as a popular expositor of things medical in the pages of the lay press. This departure has not been favourably received by the orthodox fraternity, partly because it transgresses the usages of the profession, and partly because the ex cathedra pronouncements of a novice are not found persuasive. Dr. Beard is an embryologist. He has evolved for the origin of cancer a theory the corollary of which is the treatment of the disease by certain digestive ferments. Dr. Saleeby is profoundly persuaded. He constitutes himself the champion of the new remedy, and proclaims in the pages of an evening paper the arrival of the long-awaited "cure". The representative organs of the profession, however, remain unconvinced, and ask for proofs. Dr. Saleeby produces such proofs as he has, only to find doubts cast upon their validity. Infinitely disturbed by the seeming nonchalance of the active profession, he falls to ruminating. "Here is a manifest agent for the relief and cure of a dreadful disease. Why is it not in universal operation?" He sniffs a conspiracy. Its motive power is professional jealousy, for Dr. Beard is not a medical man, and he himself is professionally unpopular. But there is worse to come. Who alone of living men profit by the present order of things? Why, the surgeons, to be sure; for the vindication of the ferment-treatment would rob them of much profitable operating. In the face of this inhuman cabal between the surgeons and the great professional papers what shall an honest man do? Nothing surely remains but to proclaim a holy war. To this he proceeds. Having a facile pen and a ready entry to the lay press, he commences his crusade with a volley of articles to the dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, urging the claims of the discovery and denouncing the conspiracy of silence. In the meanwhile he labours at a formal appeal to the public. In all haste the appeal is drawn up and presented. It forms a book of four hundred pages, and is called "*The Conquest of Cancer*".

The above is, we believe, a faithful account of the events leading to the publication of this book: events whose influence must be weighed in judging it, for we cannot afford to omit any circumstance which extenuates its grave faults of temper and manner. Much may be forgiven to sincerity of purpose, and this we readily concede to the author. But with this concession our task becomes less grateful. Whoever undertakes a public campaign of this sort undertakes with it a responsibility from which no plea of sincerity can, *per se*, absolve him. For example, it is by facts, and by facts alone, that Dr. Saleeby must justify the insinuation conveyed by the following lines: "It cannot possibly be doubted that a successful non-surgical method of treating malignant disease must

constitute a serious menace to the pockets of operating surgeons." And again: "Now I will not go so far as to say, as has been said, that the surgeon's prayer is, 'Give me this day my daily tumour'; but if anyone will maintain that, let us say, the elimination of cancer from the sphere of surgery would be a matter of financial gain to surgeons, I am content to leave him to the refutation of universal laughter." The author may gloat over the self-evident nature of these propositions; but unless he can establish the truth of the veiled inference that surgeons prefer their fees to their duty, he is guilty, be he never so sincere, of a libel whose cruelty stands in direct proportion to the number of its victims.

It is clear that the real business of the writer of this book is the vindication of the new remedy: for while the virtue of the treatment remains equivocal, charges based upon the assumption of its efficiency are the idlest prattle. All that is required of him is a bald statement of specific instances, properly accredited, wherein the ferment-treatment has benefited cancer. Such a statement, set down without heat, or indeed any comment whatever, would have won him his case, could he have commanded the material, with a pamphlet of ten pages. What do we find? A large difficult book, teeming with guess-work and animosity. The temperament of the man, and the temper in which he approaches a mission only to be carried through by the driving-power of facts, may be judged from the closing lines of the preface: "The first case of cancer I ever saw destroyed my religious orthodoxy before I left the operating theatre, and seared my soul for life; it is an abominable affront to the dignity of man—a disease that makes a goblin of the sun and almost brands the optimist of any school as a deliberate and imbecile liar. If this book, despite all its faults of ignorance, or style, or taste, or judgment, or any others—faults due in part at least to haste, for I have believed myself to be racing for life against time—serves, even in infinitesimal measure to hasten the end of this most damnable thing, my life will have been worth living, though it should end upon the gallows amid universal execration." This air of melodrama and rodomontade pursues the reader throughout the book.

The first hundred and fifty pages are devoted to exposition of the theory, with much irrelevant matter besides. This disquisition we purpose to ignore. It is hard reading for one acquainted with the technical terms of pathology and cognate sciences; its presentation for public consumption is unredeemed farce, and stamps the writer as zealous to the verge of fanaticism. It is not necessary to his case, and can only be appraised by embryologists and pathologists of experience. The second and larger part of the book is called "*Practical*". Although the riot of hypotheses so prominent in the earlier portion remains unabated here, we may note with gratitude two sensible chapters on the preparation of the ferments and the details of their use. On the two hundred and fifty-eighth page we meet, at last, the only really necessary chapter. It is entitled "*Some Results Recorded Hitherto*", and occupies, with comments, some seventeen pages. Disproportionate to the whole as this fraction may appear, it would of course have been ample were the quality of its contents such as is required. Unhappily its contents are of the poorest. The lay readers of these lines must be made aware that the distinction between cancerous and non-cancerous tumours cannot be effected with any certainty unless the tissue of the tumour has been submitted to microscopic examination. Even with this aid the distinction is often a matter of difficulty. This being an accepted principle in all schools of medicine—pace Dr. Beard, who has erected a criterion of his own—what shall we say of an author who reports some forty odd instances of cure or amelioration of "cancer" by the new treatment, without adducing any acceptable evidence that the disease in question was cancer at all? If this vital evidence is forthcoming, why has Dr. Saleeby omitted it? If it is not, his claims are protestations only.

Space does not permit a full criticism of this ill-tempered and unbalanced book. Enough has been said to show that the author is quite unfitted for the serious examination of a scientific matter. His heart has run

away with his head, and he has allowed himself to be victimised by an obsession. We are not concerned to defend the surgeons of England against the charge of suppressing a remedy to save their purses, nor the great medical papers against that of misleading professional opinion. We have but to judge the writer's case out of his own mouth, and we find no need to call upon the defence. Efficient remedies cannot be suppressed in these days, as witness the rapid recognition of von Behring's diphtheria antitoxin. The ferment treatment has not been condemned, though the methods employed for its advertisement have gone far to discredit it. There is evidence, such as that of Dr. Meggitt quoted in the text, which though incomplete yet warrants a continued trial of the remedy; and we know as a fact that a trial is being conducted at one large hospital at least. But the public puffing of an unproven agent to an audience unqualified to weigh its merits is neither wisdom nor kindness, and a physician undertaking the business puts an undue strain on the charity of his fellows. We fear that Dr. Saleeby is at present in a phase of mental exaltation impervious to advice, but if he would really benefit his kind let him eschew theory and collect facts. A plain narrative of a relief or cure effected by the ferments, the cancerous nature of the disease being avouched by a competent microscopist, will do far more to vindicate the truth of Dr. Beard's propositions than many pages of emotional abandon. Our author might remember, too, as a man of the world, that "too much magnifying of a man or matter doth irritate contradiction and procure envy and scorn". But we are sadly afraid that the cacoethes scribendi will maintain its evil reputation.

#### NOVELS.

**"Somehow Good."** By William De Morgan. London: Heinemann. 1908. 6s.

It is useless to attempt to criticise this novel to people who have not read it, but it is emphatically one of those books which one wishes to discuss with those who have. It is formless, it is prolix, it is magnificently old-fashioned, it is built up on improbabilities and coincidences. The author is once at least guilty of unpardonable bad taste when he takes his characters inside a Roman Catholic church. Why does he go there at all if his mental attitude is that of the tourist who keeps his cloth cap on and his pipe alight? But Mr. De Morgan has a keen sense of the poetry and the mystery of human life, and in some way or other which we cannot explain infuses with these qualities the routine of Bayswater streets and cockney-haunted watering-places. The framework of the story is very odd. A girl going to India to marry her fiancé, quite ignorant of life, falls into the hands of a blackguard on her journey and cannot bring herself to tell her story to the man who awaits her. Disillusioned and desperate, he separates from her after marriage, leaving her with an infant that is his only in name. Twenty years later, having suffered an electric shock which robs him of memory, he is brought to her house in London, where she is living as a widow with an only daughter. She recognises him at once, but his memory is a blank as regards his own personal history and early acquaintances, though he retains his mental powers—knowledge of languages, business capacity, recollection of what he has read, and the like. They marry, the lady telling him frankly of the nature of her early record, without awakening in him any memory of his own. The story is concerned with the problem of his ability to recover his past life, and we shall not discuss the plot further, merely recording that he has formed a strong paternal affection for his step-daughter while still oblivious of her origin. This young woman, Sally, meets the reader as a rather vulgar little minx, but she grows upon us in the book exactly as a girl of her pluck and innocence and gaiety must in actual life. Sally's mother is a remarkable woman, in love throughout with the young husband who had—excusably, she recognises—repudiated her for a matter which in reality involved no moral guilt on her part. She re-marries him in the determination to give him what happiness she can—for he has fallen in love with her afresh—and to face the

consequences bravely if the return of memory means renewal of the old fierce anger. It is very easy to point out that Mr. De Morgan reproduces several of Dickens' weak points, but it is better to acknowledge frankly that he is an original and stimulating novelist.

**"The Nun."** By René Bazin. London: Nash. 1908. 6s.

No one but a Frenchman could have written this book. The deftness of touch in handling difficult situations, the elaboration of picturesque detail, the conciseness, the clean-cut finish of the presentation are all typically French. An English author handling precisely the same theme would have treated it quite differently and much less successfully. M. René Bazin is an author little known to English readers, but he is certainly one of the most distinguished of modern French novelists. "The Nun" is a remarkable book. Simply and unaffectedly told, without straining after effect, it carries conviction to the reader. No one who has read it can forget it. The author has the power not only of holding the reader but of arousing his imagination and haunting his memory. No doubt M. Bazin holds strong views on the way religious communities have been treated in France. But he never obtrudes them nor becomes didactic. He allows his story to speak for itself and to work itself out to its inevitable and predestined end. Thus and thus only, we feel as we read, could events have shaped themselves. Thus and thus only could the characters have acted. The author gives us the picture of five devoted women living the conventional life in Lyons. With sympathetic pen he tells the story of their lives and shows how they bring joy and love to the poor children of the town. And then comes the order for the disbanding of the religious communities. The five nuns, penniless, homeless, inexperienced, are thrown upon the tender mercies of the world. The youngest of them, Pascale, a beautiful girl of eighteen, falls into evil hands and sinks to the depths. It is a pitiful and poignant story, rich in real drama and arresting by its fidelity to the truths of life.

**"The Anchorage: the Story of a New Zealand Sheep Farm."** By W. H. Koebel. London: Griffiths. 1908. 6s.

The secondary title of this book had not prepared us for the real interest of the story. It is told in the first person by a broken-down wastrel of good birth who is shipped to New Zealand as a last resource, and on a station in the bush recovers self-respect and interest in life; this, too, after a lamentable start in the new country. Mr. Koebel does not make the common tactical error of cataloguing the inessential details of colonial life, but his incidental descriptions of scenery are good, and he finds within a narrow range materials for a stirring drama of love and good-fellowship and vindictive rancour. There are exciting incidents, but they keep clear of the melodramatic taint. It is true enough that the characters are not very carefully elaborated, but this, put in another way, means that the author knows his limitations and has been content to tell a good story in a straightforward way.

**"One Fair Enemy."** By Carlton Dawe. London: Long. 1908. 6s.

Why people should want new novels about the Civil War when most of them have not read Scott's "Woodstock"—one of the best books in the language—is a mystery. But the present example is not badly executed, except for a few startlingly modern phrases. Mr. Stanley Weyman has taught us to love the Cavalier who escorts a very sulky lady through stirring scenes and in the last chapter overcomes her repugnance. In this story on the same system Captain Hugh Anthony, of Cromwell's Ironsides, persuades the scornful Lady Beatrice Essington to reconsider her Royalist prejudices. The author is very cocksure about the worthlessness of the Cavaliers, and we doubt whether after Naseby the king's officers would have thought of hanging a prisoner of war by drumhead court-martial. The Puritans murdered in cold blood Irish soldiers taken in England (a fact which may be new to Mr. Carlton Dawe), but English officers on both sides treated each other as regular belligerents.

**"Radford Shone."** By Headon Hill. London: Ward, Lock. 1908. 6s.

It is a little late in the day to publish an elaborate series of travesties of Sherlock Holmes, and Mr. Headon Hill has not the gift of amusing parody. His method is to set a detective problem, and allow the professional policeman who is on duty to tell the story of its solution. In every case Radford Shone, the famous private detective, is called in (accompanied by his egregious friend Martin), and in every case Shone gets hold of the wrong end of the stick. The formula repeated twelve times becomes monotonous, though the problems are ingenious enough, and Shone is such a hopeless ass that very little fun is to be got out of his discomfiture.

**SHORTER NOTICES.****"A Literary History of the Arabs."** By Reynold A. Nicholson. London: Unwin. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

This is an interesting book. The subject-matter is but vaguely known to the ordinary educated Englishman, and in spite of the many unfamiliar names which appear in it Mr. Nicholson has contrived to put life into the dry bones. Thanks to plentiful quotations and a liberal allowance of historical and biographical details, the interest of the reader is never permitted to flag and he is likely to rise from the perusal of the volume a considerably wiser man so far as Arab literature is concerned. Arab literature, however, has first to be defined, and the definition is by no means so easy as it would seem. In the pre-Mohammedan era and the first century of Islam there is little difficulty; whatever Arabic compositions there are which belong to that period, they are all the productions of Arabs by birth. But unfortunately it is just this period which is most deficient in literary remains; pre-Islamic poetry was handed down orally, and only collected and committed to writing long after the death of the Prophet. And the genuineness of a good deal of it is not above suspicion. It is true there is the Koran; but, after all, the Koran is but a single book and the work of a single author. However large may be the amount of literature that has been built upon it, it does not in itself constitute Arabic literature. After the rise of the Abbasid Caliphate at Bagdad there grew up indeed a literature in Arabic of enormous extent. But it was a literature in Arabic, and not, speaking generally, a literature by Arabs. When we come to enquire into the origin and parentage of the historians, travellers, philosophers and physicians who have made the name of mediæval Arabic literature famous, we find that most of them were Persians, Greeks, Jews, Moors, Egyptians—in fact, everything except pure-blooded Arabs by descent. How can they be included in "a literary history of the Arabs"? After all, however, the same question might be asked in the case of Latin or English literature, and Mr. Nicholson has done rightly in including in his survey the whole body of so-called Arabic literature down to the time when the Turks swept away the last traditions of Arab influence. The literature was written in the language of the Koran and owed its inspiration to Islam, however contrary to the spirit of Islam a good deal of it may be. The poetry, moreover, may be said to be not only Arabic, but also of the Arabs. Nevertheless the title under which Mr. Nicholson has had to write his book is unfortunate; it does not answer to the real contents and character of the work. It is like calling a history of English literature a literary history of the Anglo-Saxons. Even in the earlier parts of it which deal with Arabia only Mr. Nicholson has been forced to give the term "Arab" a geographical rather than an ethnographical or philological sense. The civilised kingdoms of Southern Arabia had little in common with the semi-barbarous Beduin of the Centre and North except that they lived in the same peninsula. Their ethnographical relationship is still a matter of discussion; on the philological side they stand as much apart as the speakers of Hebrew and Aramaic. No historical account of Arabic literature, however, would be complete without some description of a civilisation which, as we are beginning to learn, exercised a considerable amount of influence upon the early Oriental world. But the subject is one which evidently lies outside the inner circle of Mr. Nicholson's studies, and his statements in regard to it are not always quite correct. Of South Arabia, for instance, we possess a good deal more than inscriptions (as he asserts on p. xxi) in the living Mehri and other South Arabian dialects, and Halévy was never "disguised as a Jew" (p. 9), seeing that he has always been a Jew himself. Mukarrib Saba, again, is "Priest of Saba" rather than "Prince of Saba", as has been pointed out by Glaser, whose very important work in discovering and revising inscriptions is hardly noticed, and the thirty-three kings whose names are given by Professor D. H. Müller were not "Sabæan" but Minæan. Mr. Nicholson seems to have forgotten the Queen of Sheba when he says that "the oldest record of Saba to which a date can be assigned is found" in the "Annals of Sargon"; at all events Tiglath-pileser IV. received tribute from the Sabæans some years before the reign of Sargon.

However, in the matter of the Assyrian monuments Mr. Nicholson appears to be still labouring under the antiquated scepticism of fifty years ago, if we may judge from his statement that little information about Arabian history can be gleaned "from the Babylonian and Assyrian monuments, especially when the very uncertain nature of the evidence is taken into consideration" (the italics are ours). His history is equally at fault when he describes the Arabs as forming an "intellectual aristocracy" under Turkish rule in Egypt. He can hardly be referring to the few Arab emirs of Upper Egypt, who, with perhaps the exception of the Prince of Ekhmim, can scarcely be called "intellectual", while the Mamluk Beys, who formed what aristocracy there was, were Kurds, Europeans and Caucasians—in short, everything except Arabs. The error finds an echo in his adoption of the French journalist's use of the word "Arab" to denote the Mohammedan natives of Egypt (p. 468); as he must well know, to an Egyptian the name means only Beduin. But these are slight blemishes in an interesting and thoroughly scholarly book, and they are mentioned only that they may be corrected in a second edition, which will certainly be called for. May we express a hope that the title of the book will be altered at the same time?

**"Pekin to Paris."** By Luigi Barzini. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 16s. net.

Prince Borghese's journey across two continents in his 40 h.p. Itala should finally lay the idea that the motor-car tends to rob travel of its romance. On the contrary the experience of the motorists who accepted the "Matin's" challenge to go from Pekin to Paris has opened up immense possibilities of romance. Motor races round the world, over vast stretches of unknown country, are open to adventurous spirits now and in the future. It is long since we read a record of travel more stirring than Signor Luigi Barzini's account of Prince Borghese's great achievement. The trackless Gobi desert might in itself have seemed an insuperable obstacle to success, and having done the journey Prince Borghese, in his introduction to this book, agrees with those who contend that it has proved that to go from Pekin to Paris by motor-car is impossible. The paradox, he explains, is justified in that it would be out of the question to establish a motor-car service from the capital of China to Europe: the journey may be made once, twice, many times as a physical fact: it will be an adventure and little more. But the adventure is worth facing. To open up to general knowledge thousands of miles of the earth's surface, sparsely peopled, full of riches and resources untapped, invaded so far by the merest pin-pricks and streaks of civilisation, is no mean achievement. Siberia, popularly associated chiefly with Russian prisons, is gradually being penetrated from all sides. We follow Prince Borghese on his journey from Pekin to Krasnoiarsk and we think of the Christmas dinner eaten in the same place twenty years ago by Captain Wiggins after one of his voyages through the Kara Sea, believed till he proved to the contrary to be even less navigable than the Gobi desert itself. The mind dances with pictures of the Itala's adventures over steppe and prairie, through morasses of mud and along railway tracks, over rickety bridges—one of which gave way beneath its weight—and in villages where Prince Borghese and his companions were mobbed by peasant folk who no doubt thought the machine had come from the infernal regions. The outstanding incident is the arrival at a station in the Gobi not marked on the maps. Pong Kiong boasts a well and a telegraph station in charge of a Chinese telegraph clerk who is cut off from Kalgan, the nearest town, by two hundred miles of desert. The telegraphist spends his days in this extraordinary solitude in the company of his small daughter and three men whose business it is to discover and mend breaks in the line. Cut off from the haunts of men though he be, his instrument makes him a connecting link between the capitals of East and West. When Signor Barzini handed him a message he marked it "No. 1". It was not the first received that day nor that year, but the first received in the six years since the station was opened. The Mongolian as Prince Borghese found him is not the thieving, treacherous rascal he is sometimes supposed to be. Luggage dropped on the way was returned without thought of reward,

(Continued on page 244.)

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and there is grim humour in the complaint that the honesty of these "brigands of the prairies" means "the downfall of the romance of travel". The book has been well translated and will appeal irresistibly to the reader who loves to undertake adventures and enjoy novel experiences by his own fireside.

"*The Prolongation of Life.*" By Elie Metchnikoff. London: Heinemann. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

This volume is really an enlarged second edition of the notable work known as "*The Nature of Man*", which was presented to English readers in a translation several years ago by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell. We reviewed it at length at that time; and essentially this new volume, which also appears under Dr. Mitchell's supervision, is the same as the old. The theory of the causes of senility remains what it was, the suggested treatment is the same, the moral questions connected with the subject have of course not changed, nor is there any purpose to be served in discussing them again. The enlargements are mostly due to the new material suggested by the criticisms of biologists. But perhaps the most curious and most expanded is the study of the life of Goethe and the two parts of "*Faust*", which is greatly enlarged from the "*Nature of Man*". Most of the scientific new matter is addressed to Professor Metchnikoff's fellow-biologists and is not suitable for appraisement except in scientific journals. It is sufficient to follow Dr. Mitchell's example and say nothing as to the criticisms and objections on technical details, except that Metchnikoff and his staff at the Pasteur Institute are the most skilled existing technical experts on these matters. But whatever the additions and whatever the new facts, Metchnikoff admits that there are many sides of this subject of senility where it is necessary to fall back on hypothesis. If theoretically the fear of death may be removed by the prolongation of life until the "instinct of death" replaces what we now know as the instinct of life, the prospect of doing it is as yet remote. Approaches may be made gradually by a therapeutic which it is the main object of both books to suggest, explain and defend. We need say no more than that we found the first book fascinating: a storehouse of mysteries little known or appreciated physically and morally associated; and that the second fills up the original outline in greater detail.

"*Leaves from a Life.*" London: Eveleigh Nash. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

We cannot agree with the publisher that a glance at this book's contents will show that it is of somewhat exceptional interest. More than one glance has left us on us the impression that it is uninteresting small talk, the dullness varied here and there by a feeble flippancy. Notes of this kind may have their attraction for relatives of the writer, but there can be no excuse for publishing them.

#### THEOLOGY.

"*The Advent of the Father.*" By Archibald Allan, Minister of Chancerykirk. Maclehose. 1907. 6s.

These lectures are apparently written in reaction from Calvinistic theories of Atonement. What the author justly repudiates is "a system of salvation which affords the moving spectacle of one innocent and immaculate human soul coming between an angry God and a spirit in despair, and receiving into His own breast the furious thunderbolt which that despairing spirit believed was intended for itself". But the violence of his reaction from these impossible conceptions incapacitates him entirely for adequate treatment of this great subject. He is also fascinated by the eccentric criticisms of Schmiedel, so that we have here the theories of critical extremists applied to the purposes of edification. The result is to us pathetic. The people are informed that a doctrine of the Atonement is concerned with the utterances of Jesus only, since the apostolic interpretation of His death, particularly the Pauline, is "theology imported from the Hebrews, and, at bottom, essentially heathen in its ancestry". If we ask wherein the Hebrews were essentially heathen, we are told that they considered all sin as perpetrated against the Most High God; consequently, that pardon could not originate in man but in Heaven. Sacrifices therefore were offered to One in Heaven. All this our author considers a false conception. In the teaching of Jesus sin is confined within the boundaries of human relationships. When the Jews argued, "Who can forgive sins but God alone?" Jesus upheld the doctrine that not only the Son of Man, but every son of man, can and ought to forgive sins. "In the usual interpretation of Jesus as a mediator between God and man, He is here taken to mean that *He conveys* God's forgiveness, not His own, to the palsied-stricken man. But this is a theological assumption." True that "Paul preached that the Gospel should be accepted in the form—'Christ died for our sins', but this was a reversion to the Old Testament position". And the writer is "inclined greatly to doubt whether it proceeded from the Holy Ghost". He is aware that it has "carried all Christendom before it", but he cannot find it in the Sermon on the Mount. The Eucharistic utterance, "This Cup is the New Covenant in My Blood", which the author offensively terms "Supper deliverances", says nothing, he thinks, of sin. If we ask how it happened that no true development of the principles of Jesus ever flourished until

the present age, we are answered that the Apostles, not having understood Our Lord's teaching on the Fatherhood of God, have misinterpreted hopelessly the attitude of God toward sin. The Apostles, it seems, ought to have perceived that Fatherhood signifies communication of life. Fatherhood begets, gives life, but never judges. The Father is nowhere shown as King. It is admitted that a few passages have been adduced to support an opposite conclusion; but "some" of these are "of doubtful authenticity". On what ground we are not told. And we are left entirely in the dark upon what portions of the New Testament we may rely. Meanwhile this one essential attribute of God is said to be "profoundly in eclipse even in the apostolic writings. It is non-essential in the doctrinal schemes of Paul, Augustine and the Reformers". That S. Paul describes God as the Father nearly fifty times, and that a characteristic description of God is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, this critic omits to notice. However, whether it matters after all for the term Fatherhood to be in eclipse is a question which the author himself suggests by observing that "it does not seem to have been necessary to the completion of His work that Jesus should proclaim Himself to be either Son of God or Son of man. . . . His true relationship to either God or man cannot, indeed, be expressed in the infirmities of sex-language". It would only be logical to conclude that the essential nature of God can least of all be expressed in correlative terminology, to which undoubtedly the same description must be applied. But the author does not appear to have thought this out. We propose to do nothing more than indicate a few of the immense assumptions underlying these assertions. That all Christianity can be derived from the teaching of Jesus, apart from the impression made by His Personality upon the apostolic age; that He was in no degree restricted in His instructions by the limits of their receptiveness; that His mission was to instruct rather than to redeem; that the distinctive developments of Hebrew theology, such as its realisation of Divine righteousness, and consequent necessity of homage and reconciliation, are distortions and not the matured outcome of a long Providential training; that the apostolic doctrine of Redemption is a perversion of the teaching of Christ; that we understand Christ as neither Christendom nor His Apostles ever did—these are a few of the assumptions necessary to maintain the writer's views. Is it too much to say that such assumptions mean the substitution of a religion of the author's invention in the place of Christianity?

"*What we Want.*" Translated from the Italian by A. L. Lilley. London: Murray. 1907. 2s. net.

The "group of priests" who addressed this "open letter" to Pius X. should have called it "What we Don't Want", for it is definite only in recoil and attack, and the reader is little wiser in the end as to the constructive aims of the modernist movement. That movement is political even more than theological—there is much here about "those systematic opponents of every movement of popular progress, the Conservatives", and about "the holy aspirations of democracy". We could have understood this kind of rhetoric forty years ago, amid the visionary heats and hates of Garibaldianism. But what Christian clergymen can find to idealise in the atheist and intolerant French Republic, or in the frothy materialism of Italian sons of liberty, it is difficult to see. Liberalism, as a political theory and a philosophic system, has had its day, surviving not as dream but as dregs. It is absurd to suppose, however, that Rome persecutes anyone for mere politics. "There rings through the world", the Pope avers, "that cry of revolt for which the rebel hosts were driven from heaven", and he identifies the modernists, rightly or wrongly, with those who "undermine the foundations of the Faith". They substitute private judgment for Church authority and the principle of evolutionary naturalism in religion for those critical manifestations of supernatural power which the Catholic creed affirms to be historical. The Liberal clergy would do well to exculpate themselves patiently and without scolding from this not unreasonable charge, instead of insisting on their orthodoxy while employing language which ordinary persons can understand only in the opposite sense. There is plenty of need for reform in the Roman system and teaching. But the Church is entitled to know what are the "many sacrifices" which "science and democracy" "demand" of it. What, for example, is involved in the claim that no one is to accept the Bible until he has verified it by "high modern ideals"; or that all external representations of the self-revealing Divinity must be regarded as subjective only; or that Christianity is the gradual product of civilisation becoming conscious of itself? Vague eloquence is equally the fault of the introduction which Mr. Lilley, a Broad Church priest of the Church of England, has prefixed to this little book. He says himself that "Liberals outside the Roman Communion are a little bewildered by the boldness and courage of this movement within the Roman pale". Quorsum tandem? At the same time it is odd to find Rome, which once denounced the ancientism of Oxford, now grappling with modernism. And Low Churchmen must be rather upset to find that the most unflinching defender of the Bible is the Pope.

For this Week's Books see page 246.

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The Stock so offered for subscription is, with the £450,000 of like stock already issued, by a Deed Poll dated the 15th July, 1907, as modified by a Supplemental Deed Poll dated 19th February, 1908, constituted a preferential charge by way of floating security upon the undertaking, and all the revenues and property of the Company present or after acquired.

The Company reserves to itself the right, in case it should at any time hereafter issue any further Share Capital, of issuing from time to time further Debenture Stock, ranking in all respects pari passu with the £450,000 existing Debenture Stock and this present issue, to an amount equal to such further Share Capital.

A valuation of the Inves ments held by the Company on the 1st February, 1908, has been made by the Directors. This valuation shews that, after allowing for all outstanding balances, including the accrued interest on the existing Debenture Stock, together with the dividends accrued to date on the First and Second Preferred Stocks, the net value of the security available for the Debenture Stock amounts to over £1,000,000, to which must be added the proceeds of this issue.

The net profits of the Company available for payment of the interest upon the Debenture Stock, as shown by the audited Balance Sheets of the Company for the last three years, have been as follows:—

Year ending 15th April,	£	s.	d.
1905 .. .. ..	43,476	19	2
1906 .. .. ..	49,340	19	0
1907 .. .. ..	47,405	17	3

The amount required for payment of interest on the whole issue of £595,000 Debenture Stock will be £25,287 10s., and in estimating the future revenue available for payment of the interest there should be added to the above figures the income arising from the investment of the proceeds of this issue.

A list of the investments held by the Company is published in every Annual Report of the Company and a copy can always be obtained by a Debenture Stockholder upon application.

No part of this issue has been underwritten.

The following Contracts have been entered into by the Company in addition to contracts entered into in the ordinary course of business, viz. (1) A contract contained in two letters both dated the 15th February, 1907, one from the Company to Heseltine, Powell & Co., and the other from the latter to the Company for the sale of £25,000 Debenture Stock of the Company at a premium (2) Deed Poll under the seal of the Company, dated the 15th day of July, 1907 (3) Supplemental Deed Poll under the seal of the Company dated the 19th February, 1908.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and of the above-mentioned Contract, Deed Poll and Supplemental Deed Poll, may be seen at the offices of the Company, Dashwood House, New Broad Street, E.C., or at the offices of Messrs. Davidson & Morris, 40 & 42 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., on any day, while the List remains open, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

An official quotation on the London Stock Exchange for this issue will be applied for in due course.

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If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction, and if a partial allotment only is made the surplus deposit will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

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J. S. AUSTEN,  
CLAUDE BISHOP,  
EVELYN HESELTINE,  
J. W. PHILIPPS, M.P.,  
W. J. PEAKE MASON.

#### Bankers.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK LIMITED, 5 Princes St., London, E.C.

#### Solicitors.

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#### Brokers.

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#### Auditors.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., 3 Frederick's Place, London, E.C.

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